CHOICE
SONGS and AYRES,
FOR ONE VOYCE
To Sing to a *THEORBO-LUTE*, or *BASS-VIOL*.

BEING

Moſt of the Neweſt SONGS ſung at *Court*, and at the Publick *THEATRES*.

Compoſed by ſeveral Gentlem n of His Majeſties MUSICK.

THE FIRST BOOK.

LONDON,

Printed by *W. G.* and are to be ſold by *John Playford* near the *Temple* Church, and *John Ford* Stationer, at the *Middle-Temple-gate, Fleet-ſtreet*, 1673.

1st Book – Imperfect
see 2d Edit. cont'd Book

differs from the other two 1675 & 1676
this appears to be the first Edition

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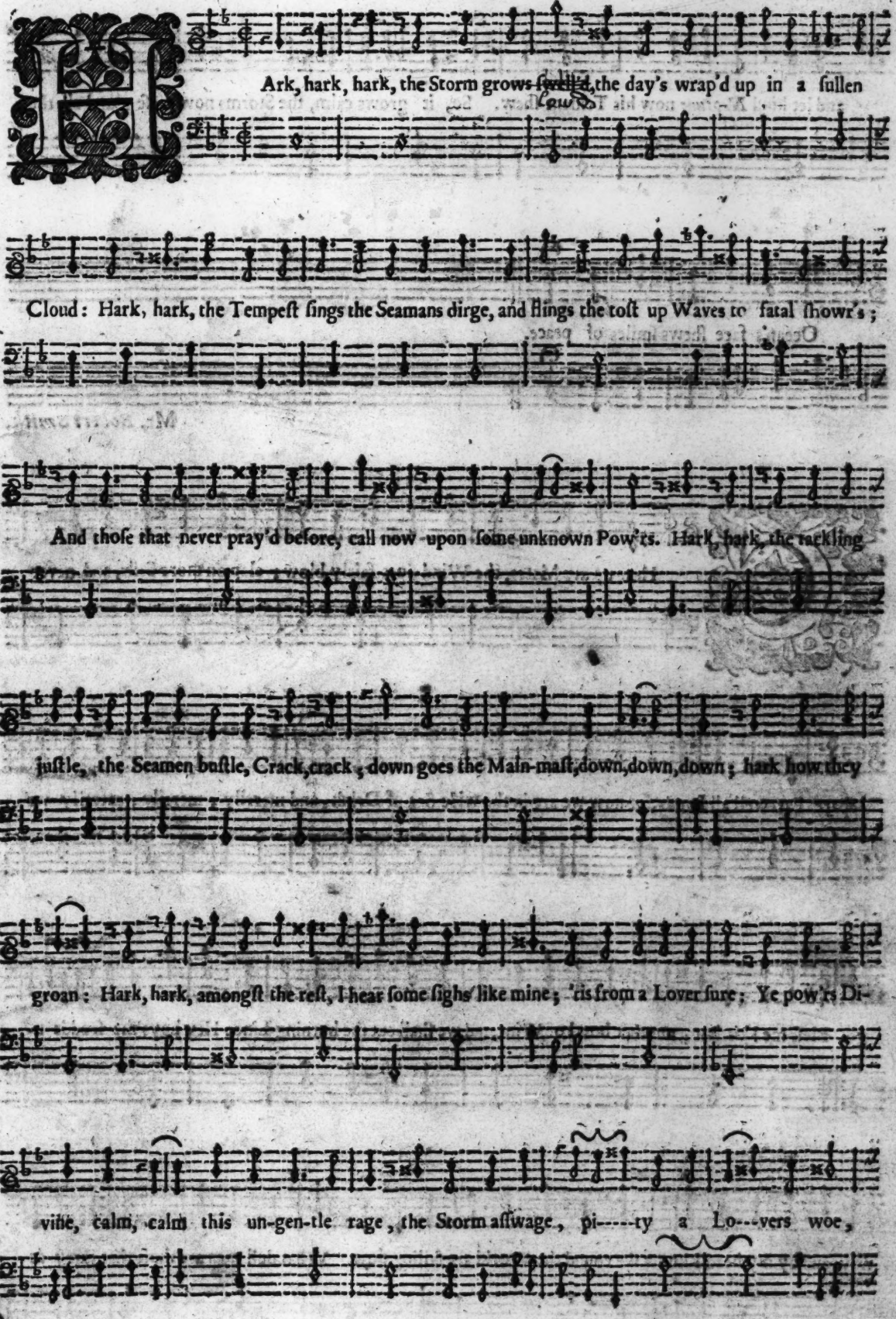
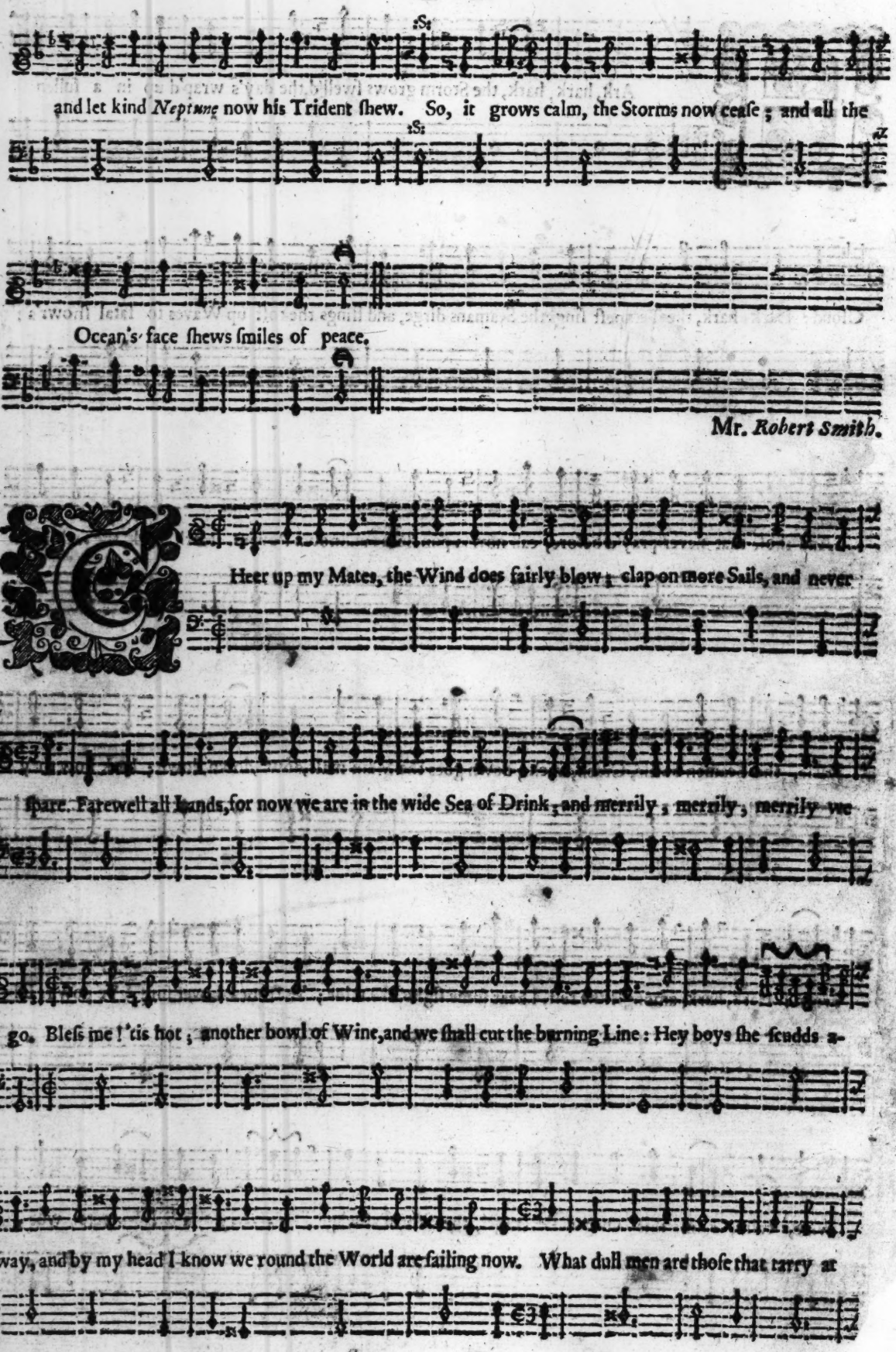
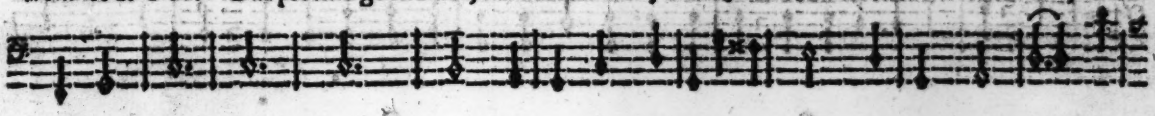

Hark, hark, hark, the Storm grows ſwell'd, the day's wrap'd up in a ſullen
Cloud: Hark, hark, the Tempeſt ſings the Seamans dirge, and flings the toſt up Waves to fatal ſhowr's;
And thoſe that never pray'd before, call now upon ſome unknown Pow'rs. Hark, hark, the tackling
juſtle, the Seamen buſtle, Crack, crack, down goes the Main-maſt, down, down, down; hark how they
groan: Hark, hark, amongſt the reſt, I hear ſome ſighs like mine; 'tis from a Lover ſure; Ye pow'rs Di-
vine, calm, calm this un-gen-tle rage, the Storm aſſwage, pi-----ty a Lo---vers woe,

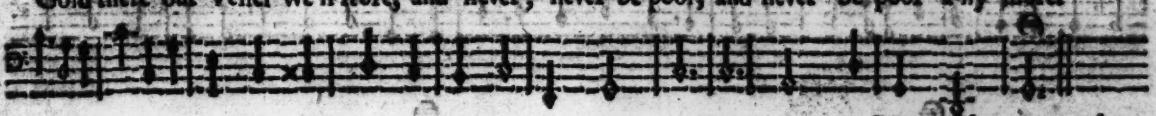

and let kind *Neptune* now his Trident ſhew. So, it grows calm, the Storms now ceaſe; and all the
Ocean's face ſhews ſmiles of peace.
Mr. *Robert Smith.*
Heer up my Mates, the Wind does fairly blow; clap on more Sails, and never
ſpare. Farewell all Lands, for now we are in the wide Sea of Drink; and merrily, merrily, merrily we
go. Bleſs me! 'tis hot; another bowl of Wine, and we ſhall cut the burning Line: Hey boys ſhe ſcudds a-
way, and by my head I know we round the World are ſailing now. What dull men are thoſe that tarry at

home, when abroad they may wantonly rome; and gain ſuch experience, and ſpy too ſuch Countries and

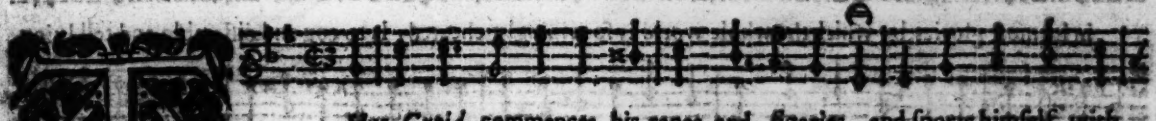
wonders as I do. But preethe good Pilot, take heed what you do, and fail not to touch at *PERU*, with



Gold there our Veſſel we'll ſtore, and never, never be poor, and never be poor a-ny more.

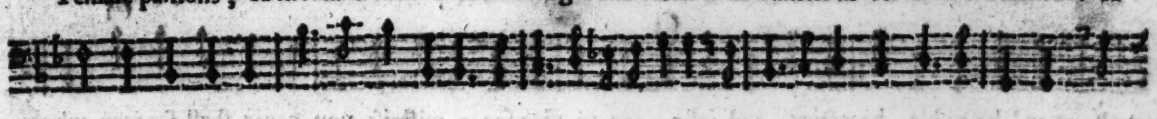


Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

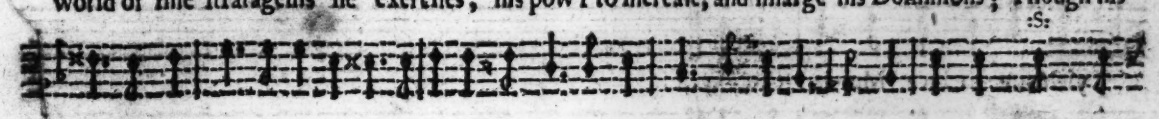


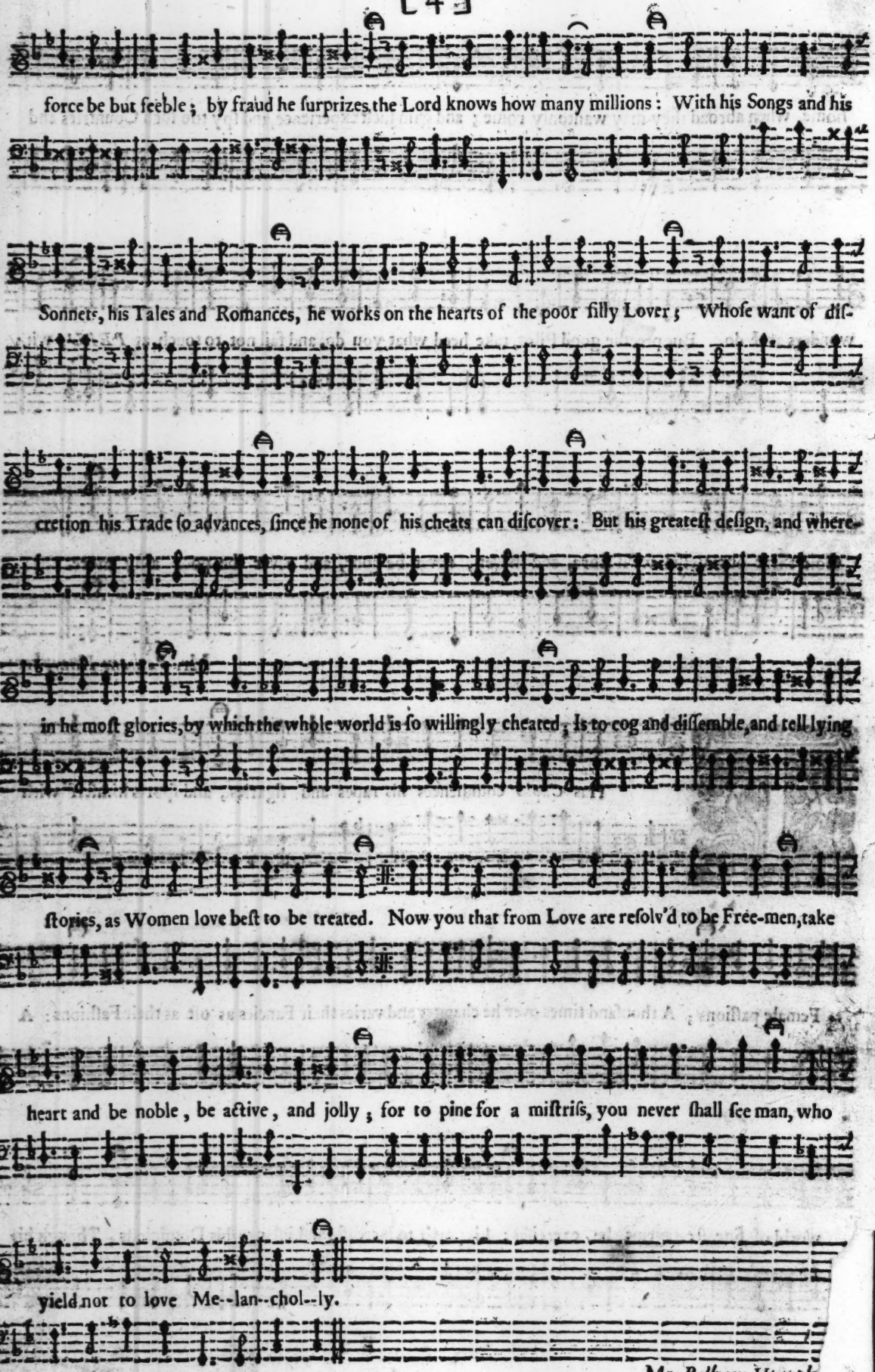
Thus *Cupid* commences his rapes and figaries, and ſports himſelf with

Female paſſions; A thouſand times over he changes and varies their Fancies as oft as their Faſhions: A

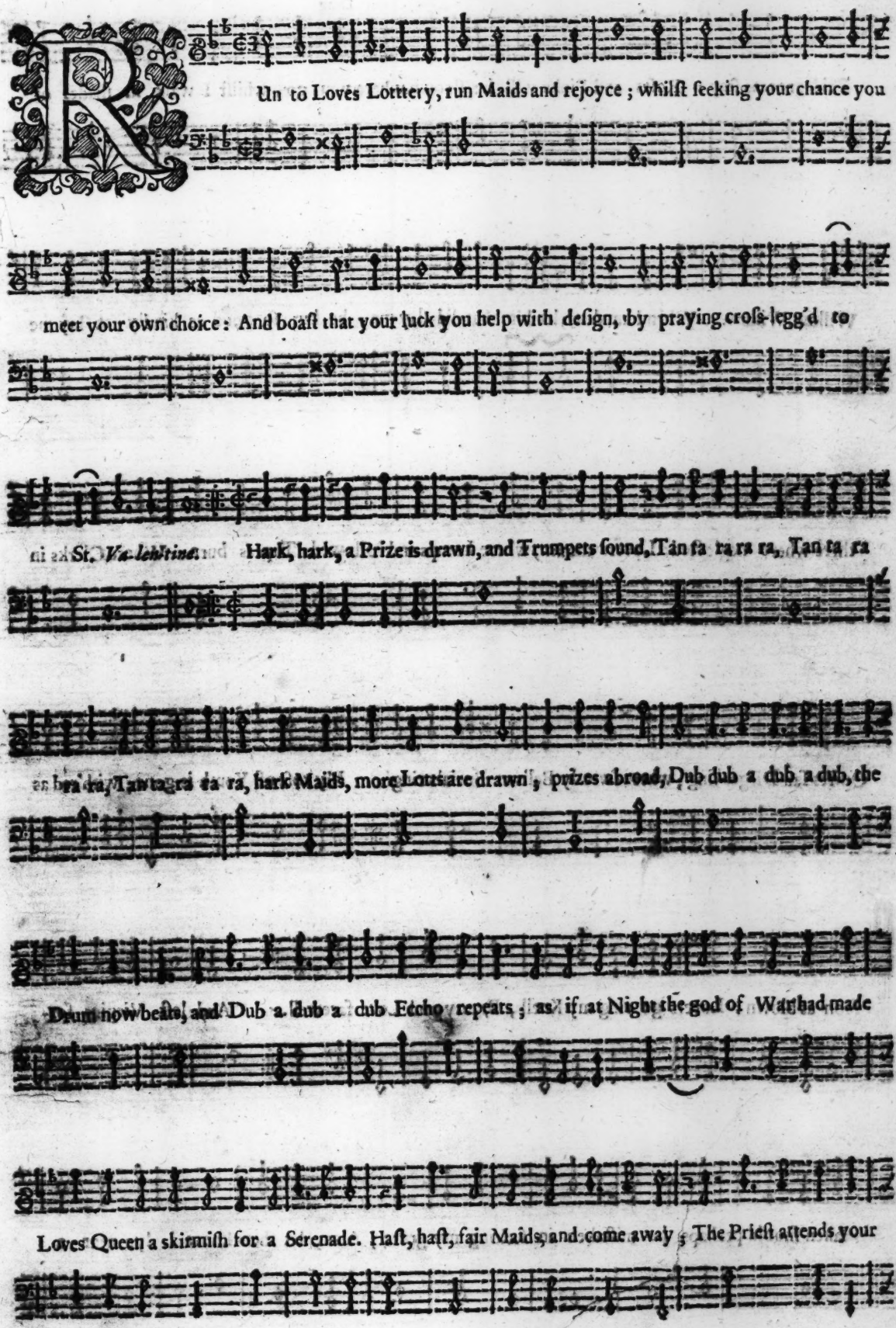


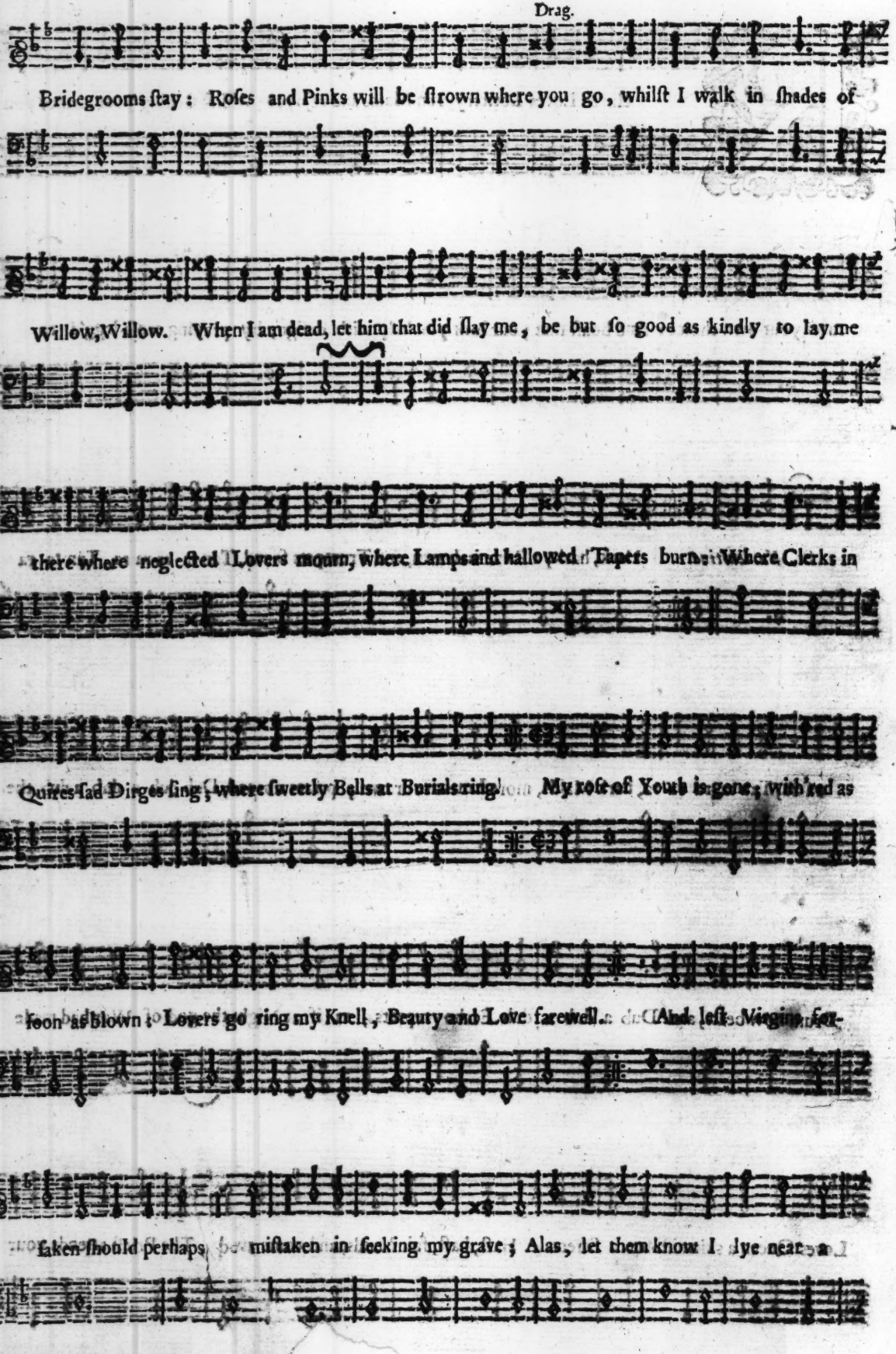
world of fine ſtratagems he exerciſes, his pow'r to increaſe, and inlarge his Dominions; Though his

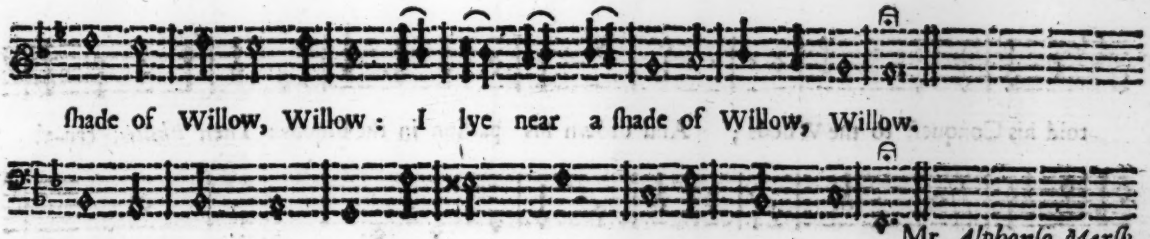




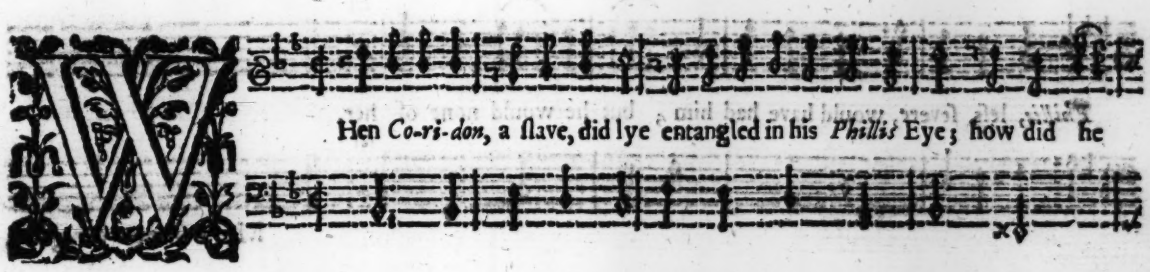
Mr. *Pelham Humph*

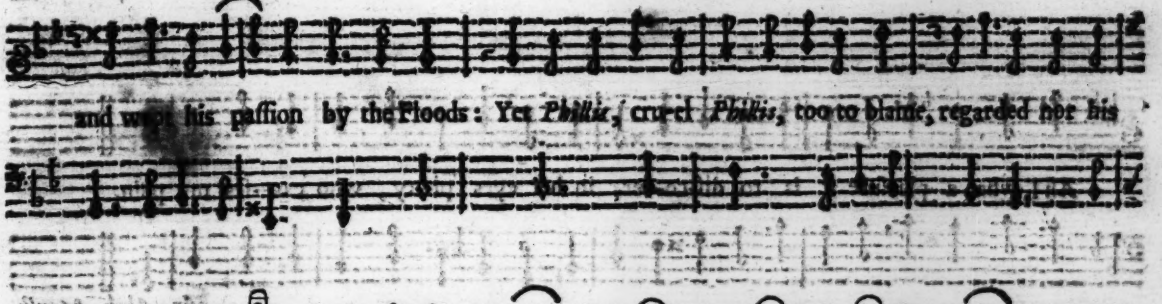

Un to Loves Lottery, run Maids and rejoyce ; whilſt ſeeking your chance you
meet your own choice : And boaſt that your luck you help with deſign, by praying croſs-legg'd to
St. Valentine. Hark, hark, a Prize is drawn, and Trumpets ſound, Tan ta ra ra ra, Tan ta ra
ra ra, Tan ta ra ra ra, hark Maids, more Lotts are drawn, prizes abroad, Dub dub a dub a dub, the
Drum now beats, and Dub a dub a dub Echo repeats ; as if at Night the god of War had made
Loves Queen a skirmiſh for a Serenade. Haſt, haſt, fair Maids, and come away ; The Prieſt attends your

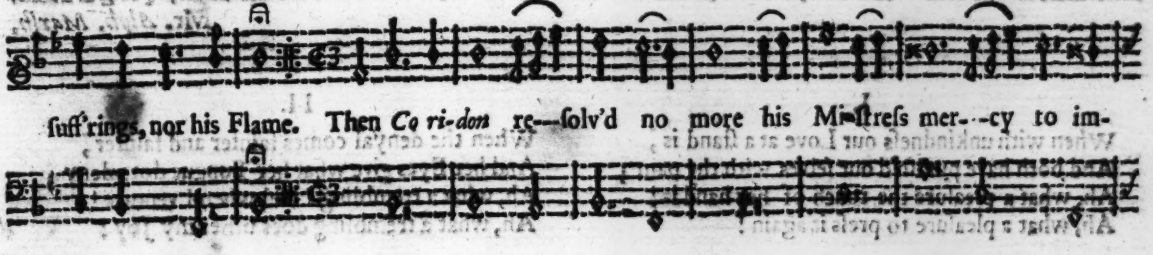

Drag.
Bridegrooms ſtay: Roſes and Pinks will be ſtrown where you go, whilſt I walk in ſhades of
Willow, Willow. When I am dead, let him that did ſlay me, be but ſo good as kindly to lay me
there where neglected Lovers mourn, where Lamps and hallowed Tapers burn, Where Clerks in
Quires ſad Dirges ſing, where ſweetly Bells at Burials ring. My roſe of Youth is gone, withered as
ſoon as blown; Lovers go ring my Knell, Beauty and Love farewell. And leſt Virgins for-
ſaken ſhould perhaps miſtaken in ſeeking my grave; Alas, let them know I lye near a

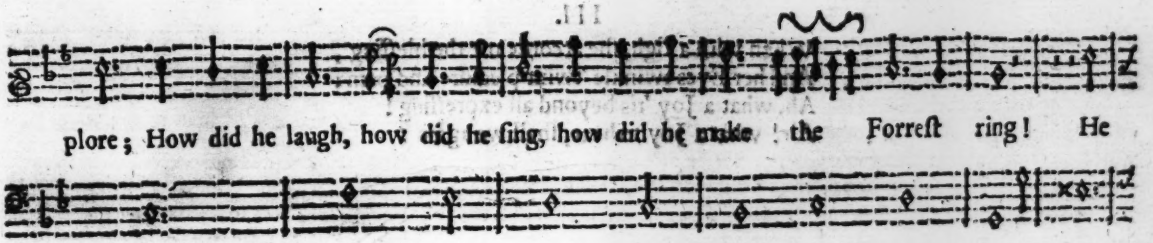


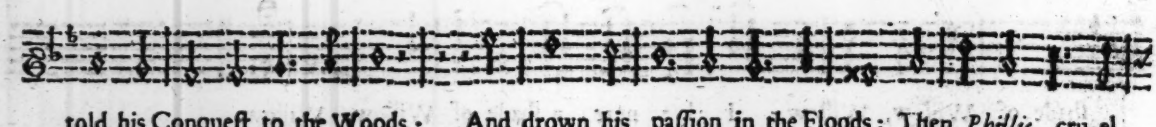
Mr. *Alphonſo Marſh.*



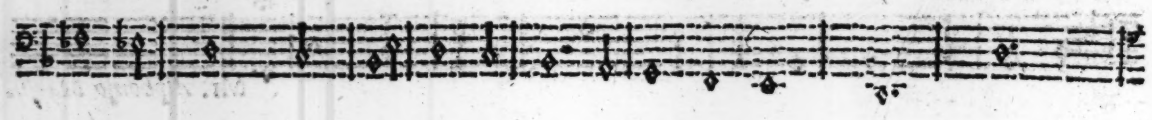




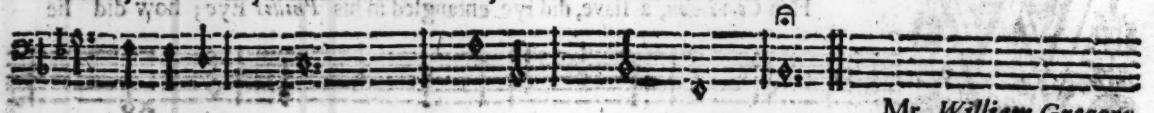




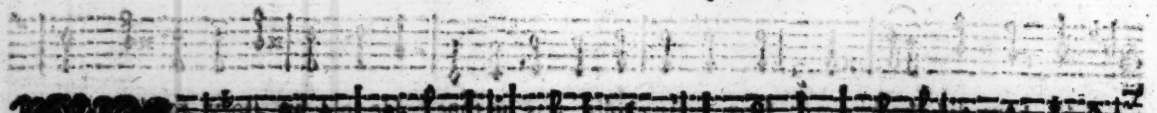
told his Conqueſt to the Woods; And drown his paſſion in the Floods: Then *Phillis*, cru-el



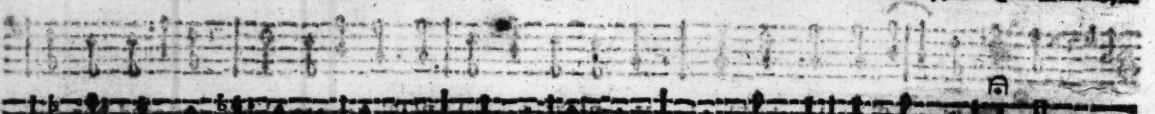
Phillis, leſs ſevere, would have had him; but he would none of her.



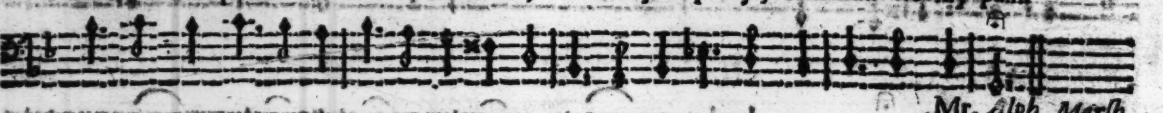
Mr. *William Gregory*.



After the pangs of a deſparate Lover, when day and night I have ſigh'd all in vain;



Ah! what a pleaſure it is to diſ-co-ver, in her eyes pi--ty, who cau--ſes my pain.



Mr. *Alph. Marſh*.

I.

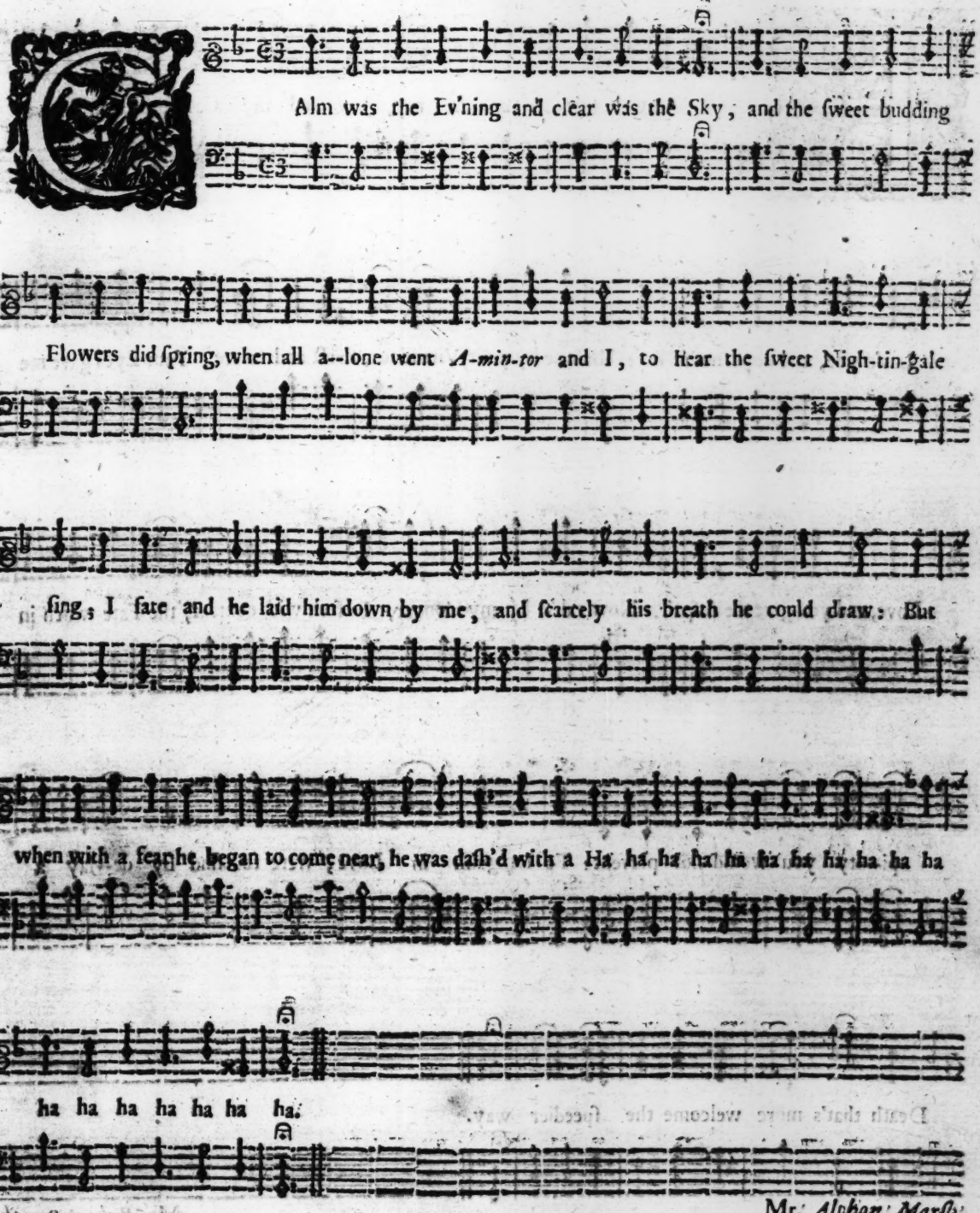
When with unkindneſs our Love at a ſtand is,
And both have puniſh'd our ſelves with the pain;
Ah, what a pleaſure the touch of her hand is!
Ah, what a pleaſure to preſs it again!

II.

When the denyal comes fainter and fainter,
And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny;
Ah, what a trembling I feel when I venture!
Ah, what a trembling does uſher my Joy!

III.

When with a ſigh, ſhe accords me the bleſſing,
And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt pleaſure and pain:
Ah, what a Joy 'tis beyond all expreſſing!
Ah! what a Joy to hear, ſhall we again?



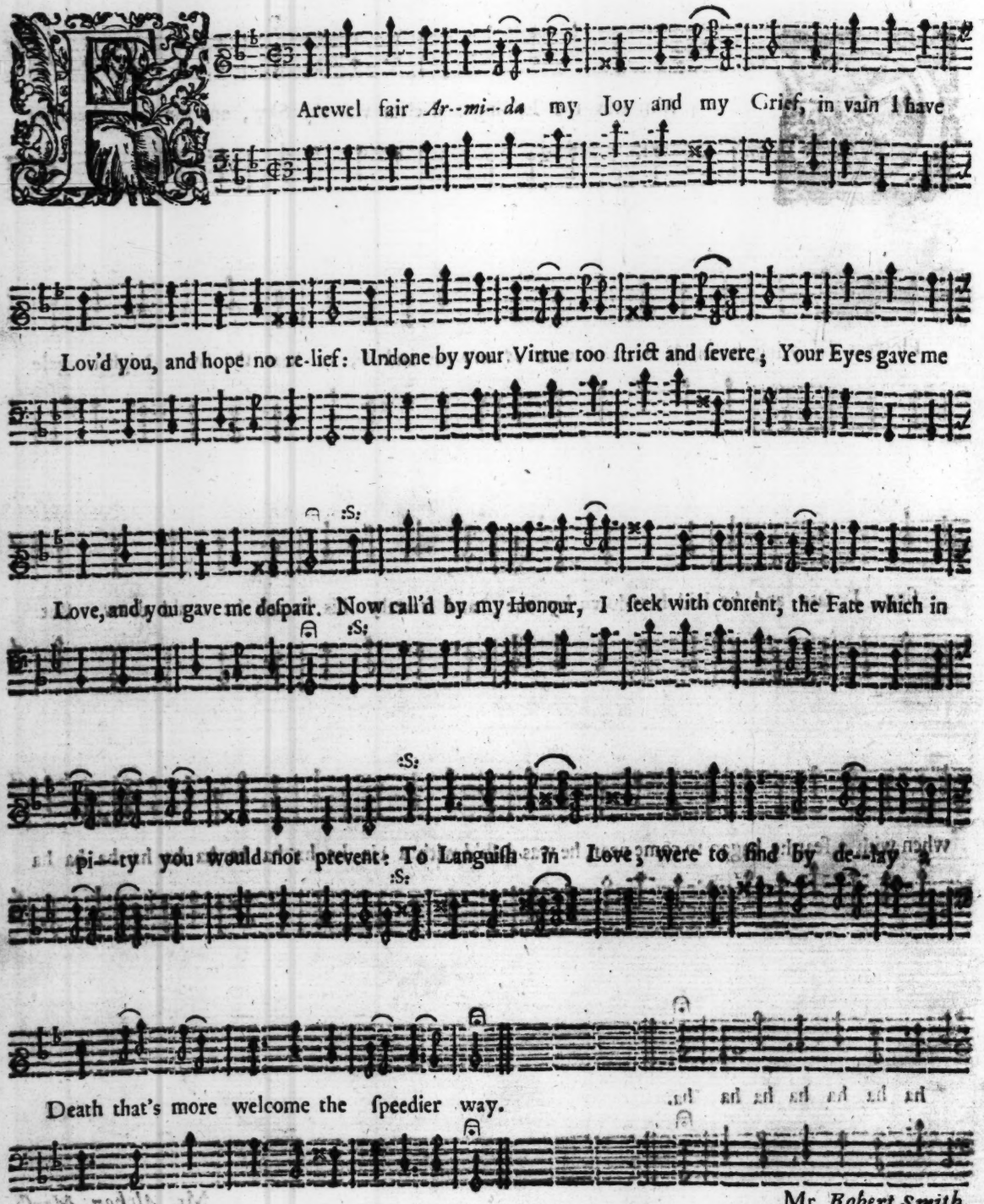
Mr. *Alphon: Marſh.*

II.

He bluſh'd to himſelf, and laid ſtill for a while;
His modeſty curb'd his deſire;
But ſtrait I convinc'd all his fears with a ſmile;
And added new flames to his fire:
Ah, *Silvia!* ſaid he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe;
Then once more he preſt with his hand to my breaſt,
But was daſh'd with a ha ha ha ha ha, *&c.*

III.

I knew 'twas his Paſſion that cauſed his fear,
And therefore I pity'd his caſe;
I whiſper'd him ſoftly, there's no body near,
And laid my Cheek cloſe to his Face:
But as we grew bolder and bolder,
A Shepherd came by us and ſaw:
And ſtraight as our bliſs, we began with a kiſs,
He laught out with a Ha ha ha ha ha, *&c.*



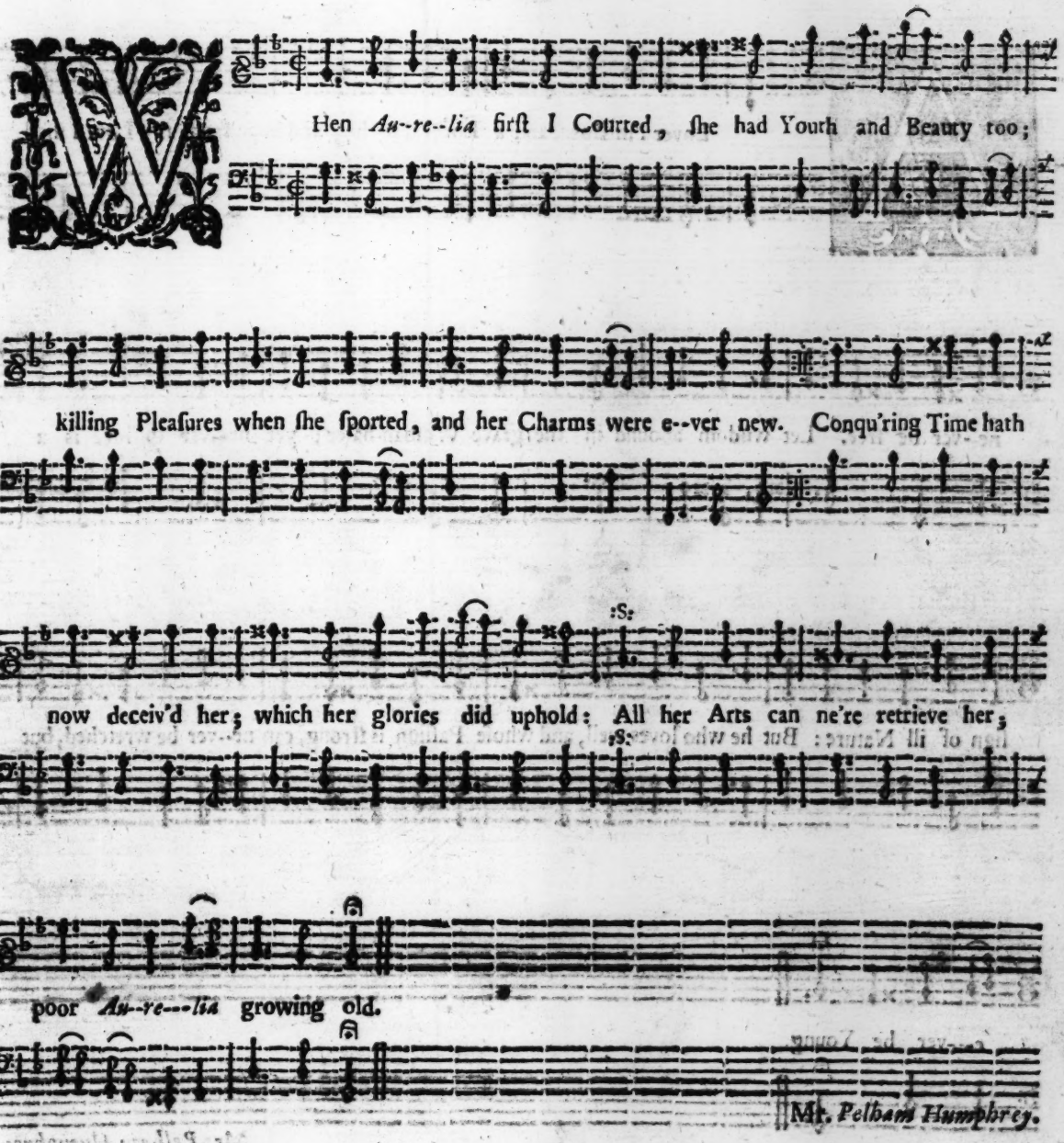
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

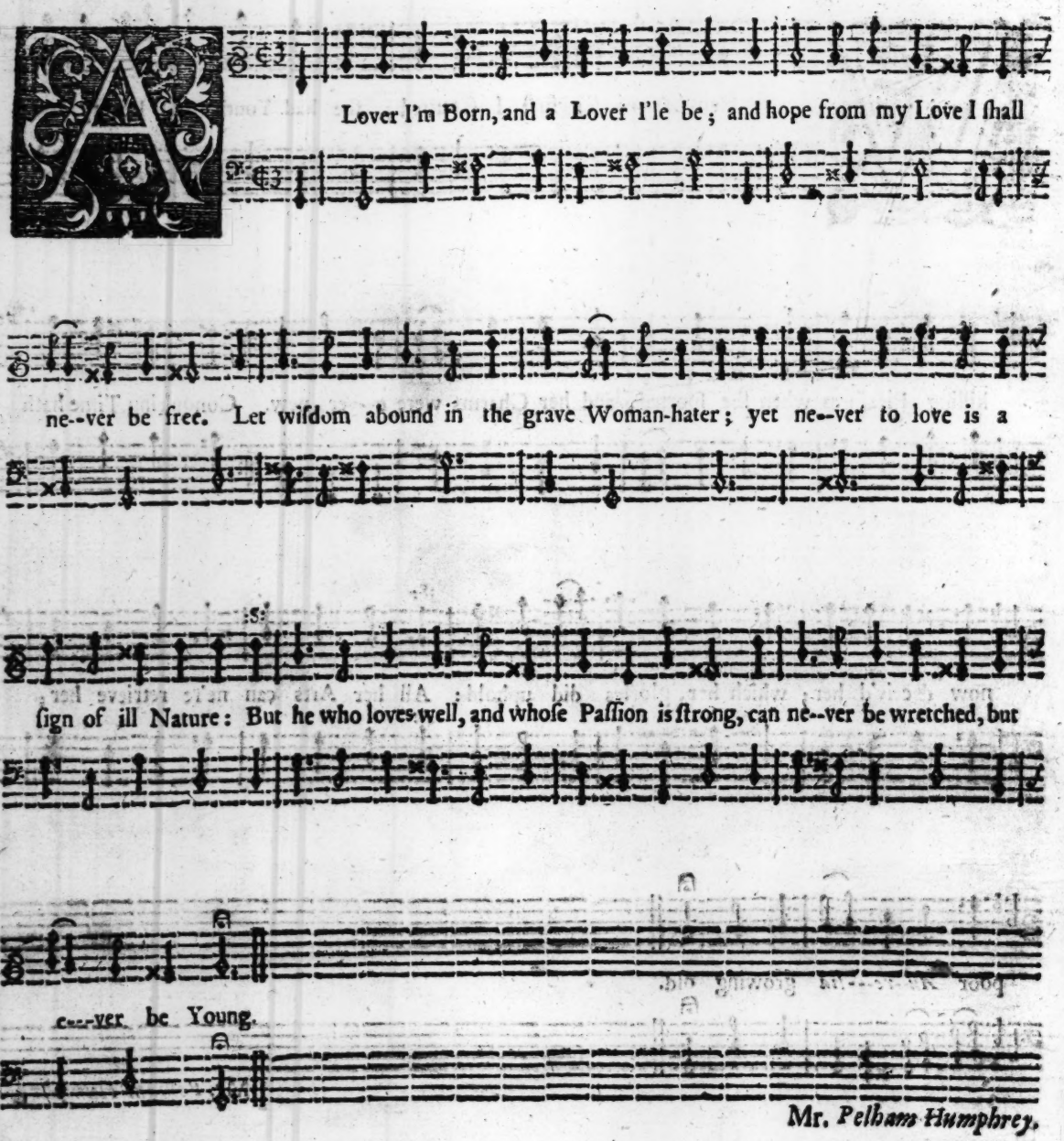
On Seas and in Battles, in Bullets and Fire,
The danger is leſs then in hopeleſs deſire:
My Deaths wound you gave me though far off I bear,
My Fate from your ſight not to coſt you a Tear.

III.

But if the kind Floods on a Wave would convey,
And under your Window my Body would lay;
The Wound on my Breaſt, when you happen to ſee,
You'l ſay with a ſigh, it was given by me.

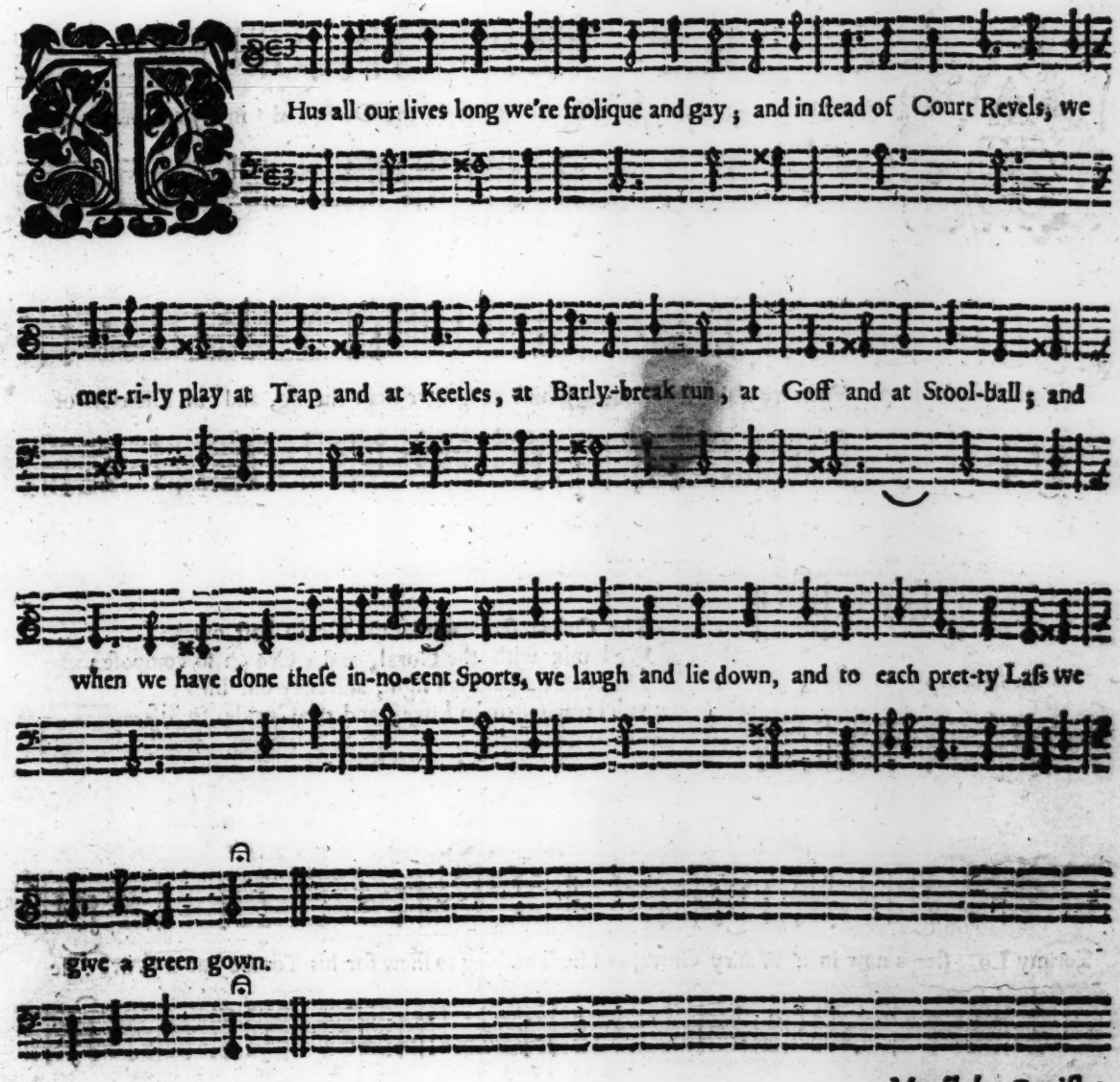


Thoſe Airy Spirits which invited;
Are return'd, and now no more;
And her Eyes are now benighted,
Which were Comets heretofore.
Want of theſe abates her merit;
Yet I have paſſion for her Name:
Only kind and amorous Spirits,
Kindle, and maintain the Flame.



Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

With hopes and with fears, like a Ship in the Ocean;
Our Hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion:
When our Paſſion is pal'd, and our Fancy would fail,
Some little quarrel ſupplyes a freſh Gale:
But when the doubt's clear'd, and the jealouſies gone,
How we Kiſs and Embrace, and can never have done!



Mr. *John Baniſter.*

II.

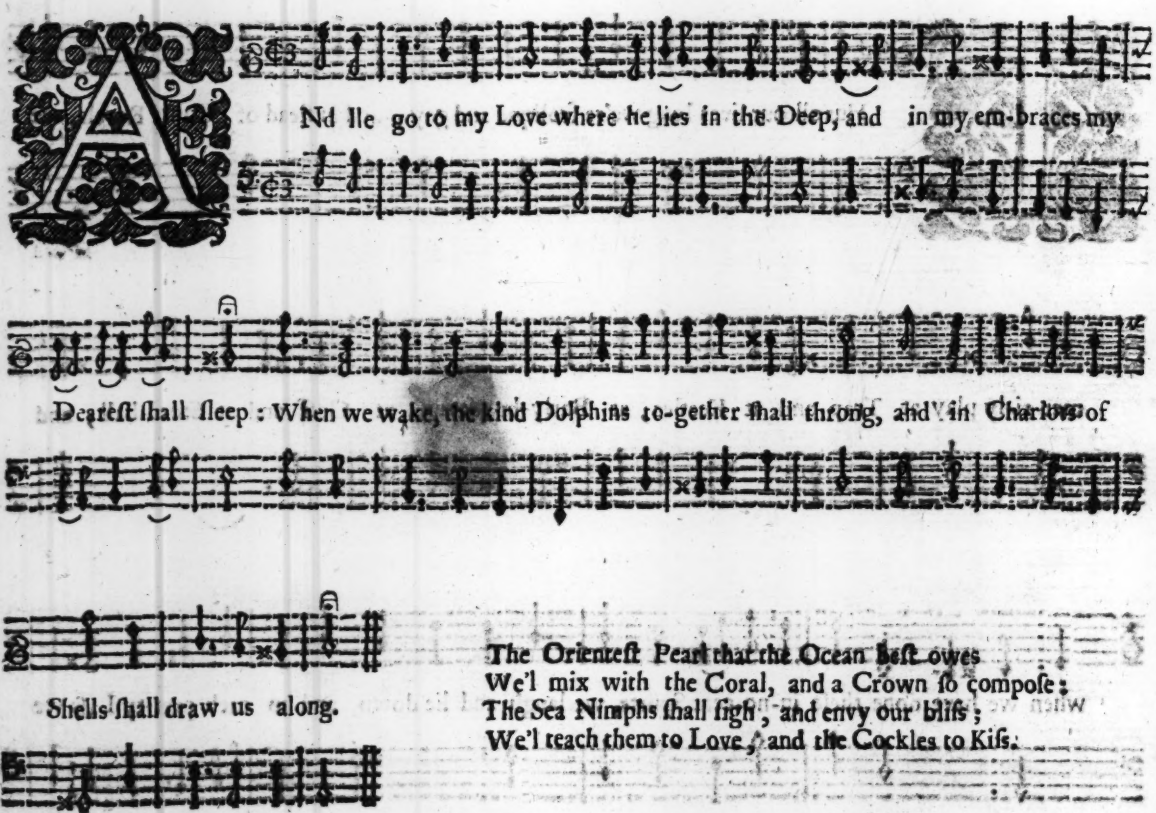
We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
The Partridge, Hare, the Pheſant our Quarry;
The nimble Squirrels with cudgel we chaſe,
And the little pretty Lark betray with a glaſs:
And when we have done, *&c.*

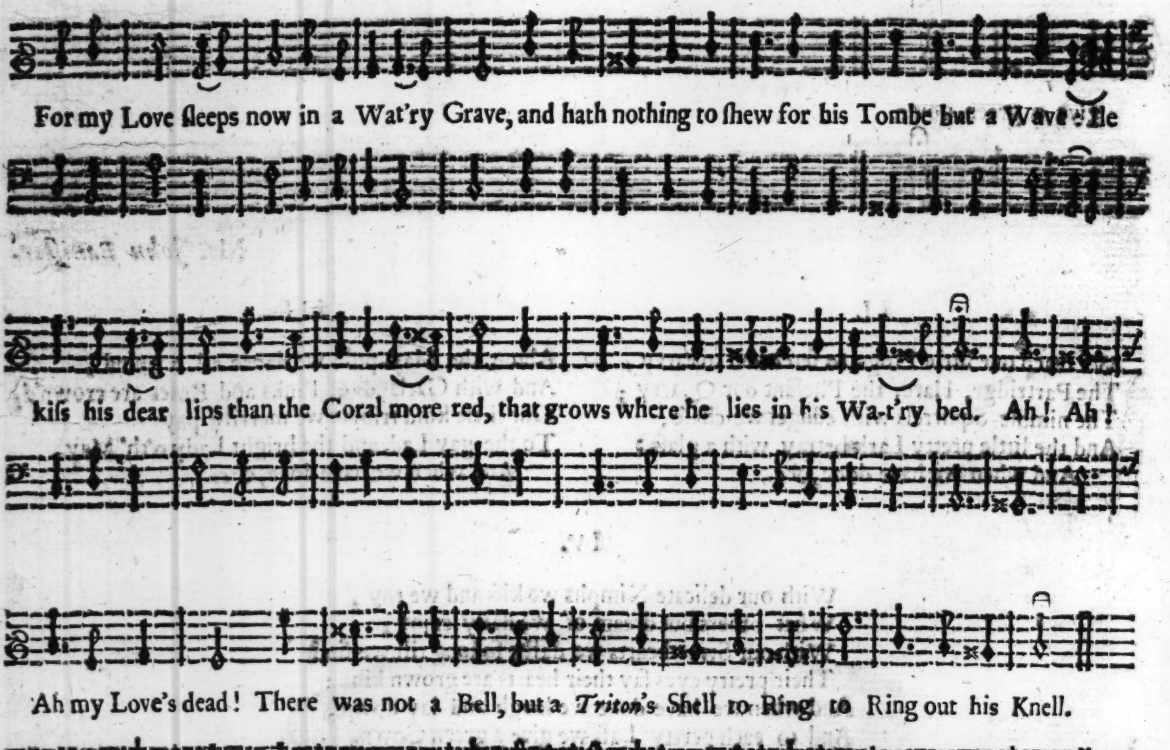
III.

About the May-pole we dance all a round;
And with Garlands of Pinks and Roſes are crown'd;
Our little kind tribute we merrily pay
To the gay Lad, and the bright Lady o'th' May.
And when we have done, *&c.*

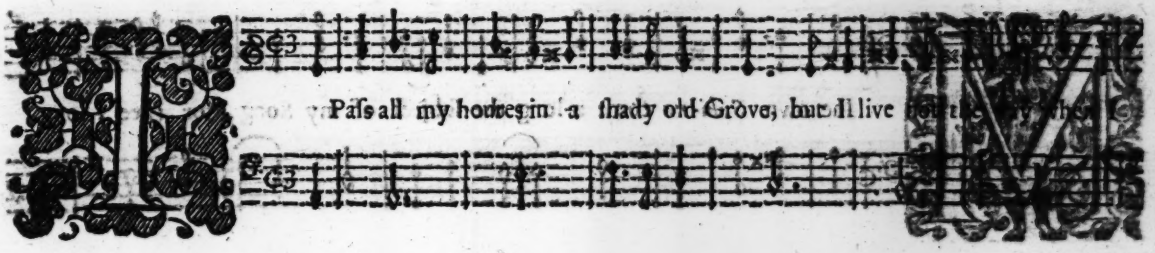
IV.

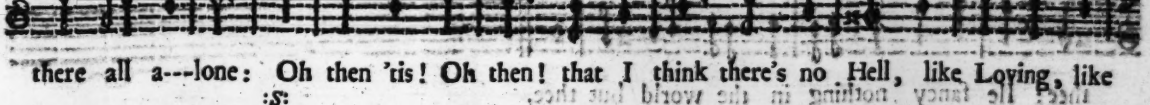
With our delicate Nimphs we kiſs and we toy;
What others but dream of we daily enjoy;
With our Sweethearts we dally ſo long till we find
Their pretty eyes ſay their hearts are grown kind:
And when we have done we laugh and lay down,
And to each pretty Laſs we give a green Gown.





Mr. *Robert Smith.*



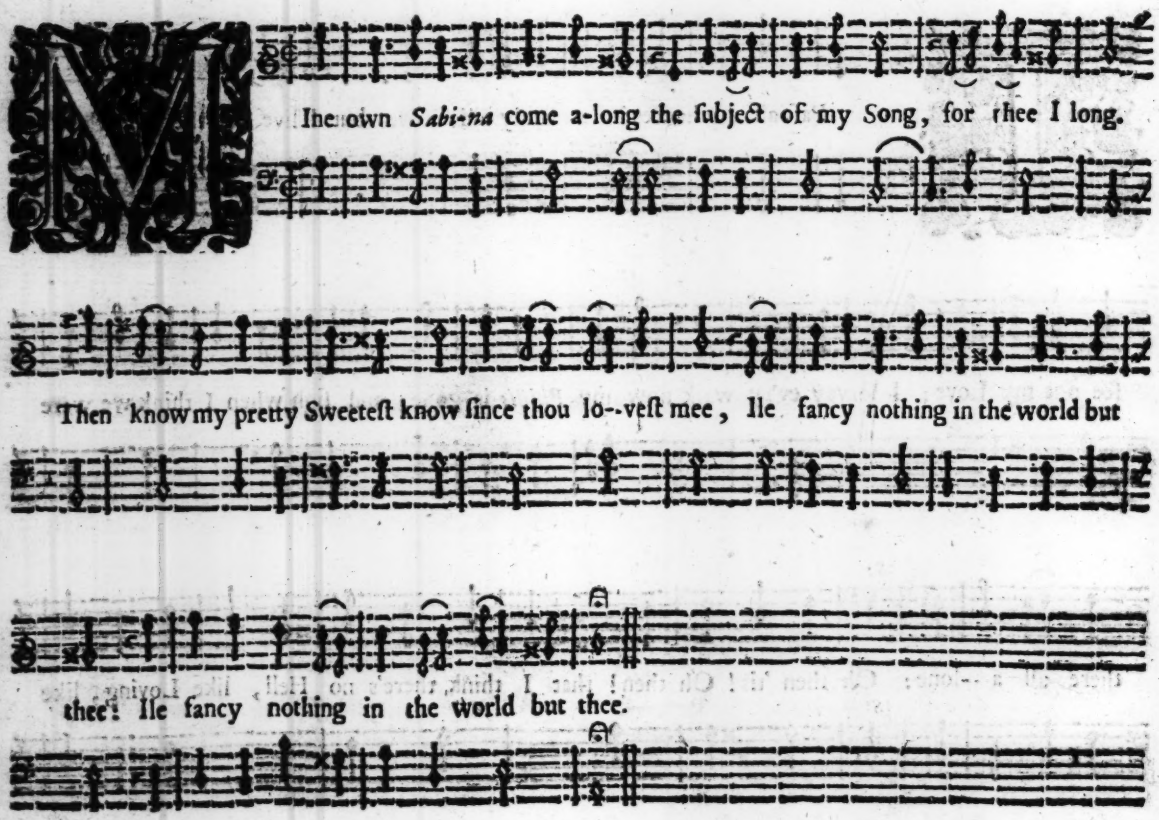


Mr. *Pelham Humfrey.*

II. But each Shade and each conſcious Bow'r, when I find
Where I once have been happy, and She has been kind:
When I ſee the print left of her ſhape in the Green,
And imagine the pleaſure may yet come agen:
Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis, I think no Joy above
Like the pleaſure of Love.

III. While alone to my ſelf I repeat all her Charms,
She I love may be lookt in another mans arms;
She may laugh at my Cares, and ſo falſe ſhe may be,
To ſay all the kind things ſhe before ſaid to me:
Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis, that I think there's no Hell
Like Loving too well.

IV. But when I conſider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent Paſſion, ſo kind without Art;
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope ſhe may be
So full of true love to be Jealous of me:
And then 'tis, and then 'tis I think no Joy above
Like the pleaſure of Love.



II.

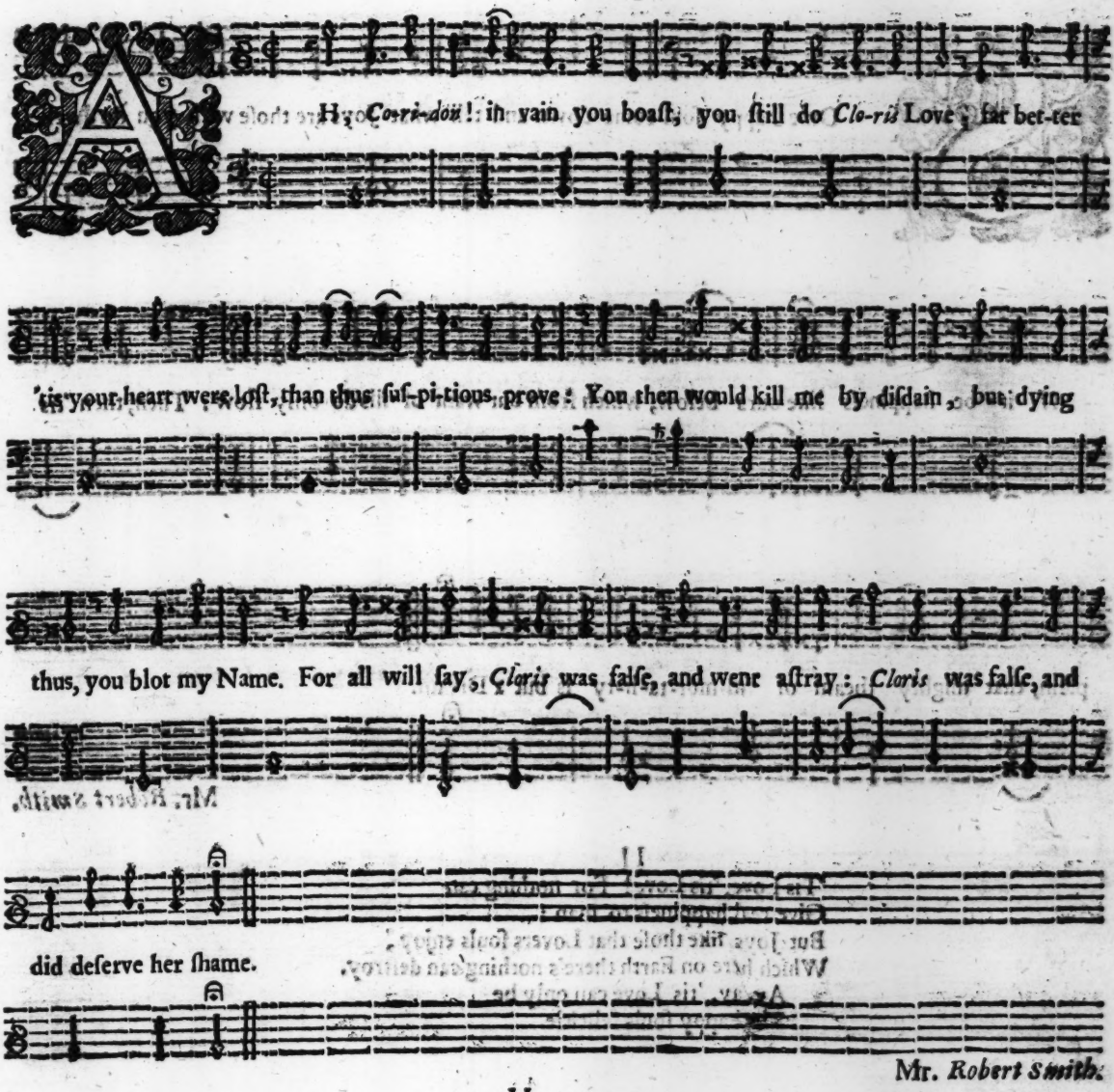
Unvail thoſe Damask Cheeks of thine;
Where ev'ry beautious line
is ſo Divine;
That were I to receive my death by thy fair Eye;
I'de court it in the pits to buried lye.

III.

Diſplay thine Arms, thy wealth unfold;
Then like to Jove of old
in liquid Gold;
And wee'l Carouſe it in Loves bowls to ſuch a bliſs,
Our Souls ſhall mingle, while our Bodies Kiſs.

IV.

Thus will we Live, thus will we Love;
When as the gods above
ſhall envious prove;
And after death, we'll toy as they; till that appear,
Wee'll have *Elizium* here, as they have there.



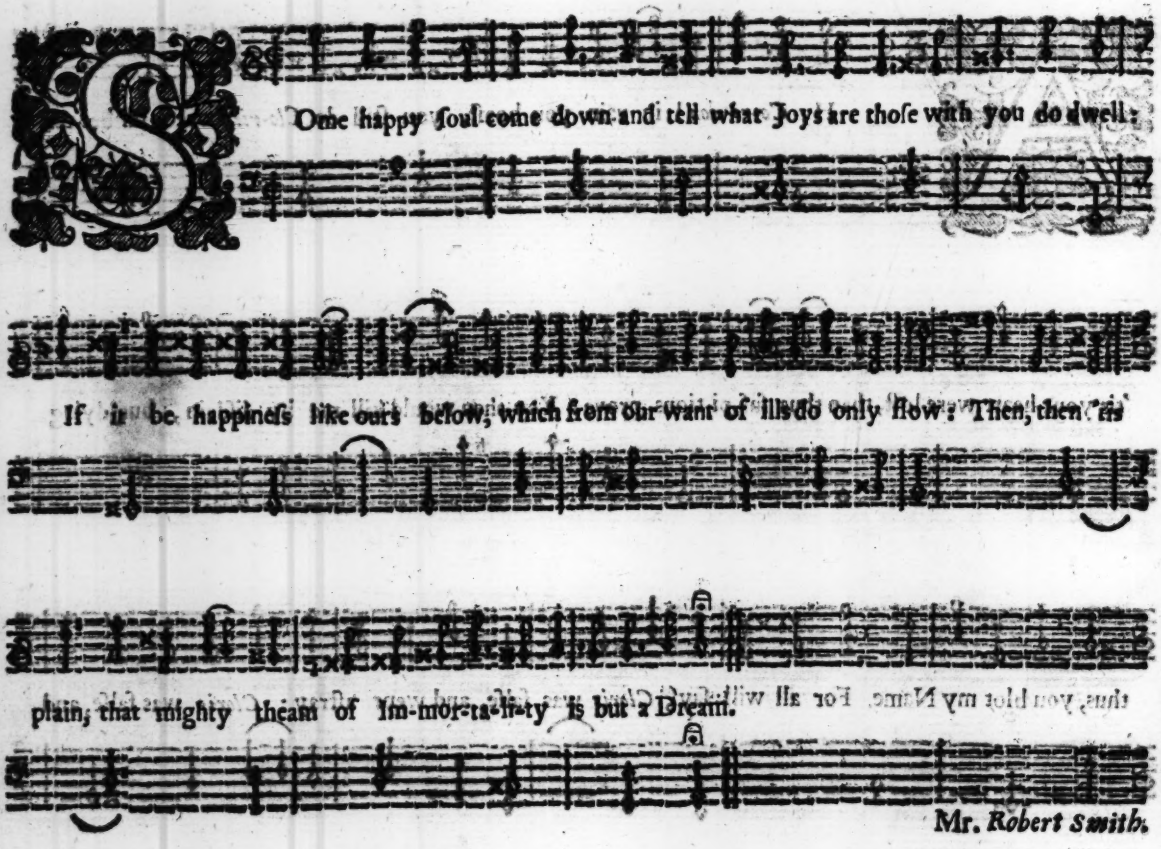
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

For happy Shepherd, well you know
Your Flame does mine excell;
All generous *Coridon* doth know,
But none my Tale will tell:
Cloris, though true, muſt loſe her name;
But *Coridon* will keep his fame.
For all will ſay, *Cloris* was falſe,
And went aſtray:
Cloris was falſe, and did deſerve her ſhame.

III.

But cruel Shepherd, when you hear
That I am dead indeed;
I do believe you'l ſhed one tear,
Though now you have decreed;
That *Cloris* true, muſt loſe her Name,
For *Coridon* to keep his Fame.
For then you'll ſay, *Cloris* was true,
And ne're did ſtray:
Cloris was true, and I deſerve the ſhame.



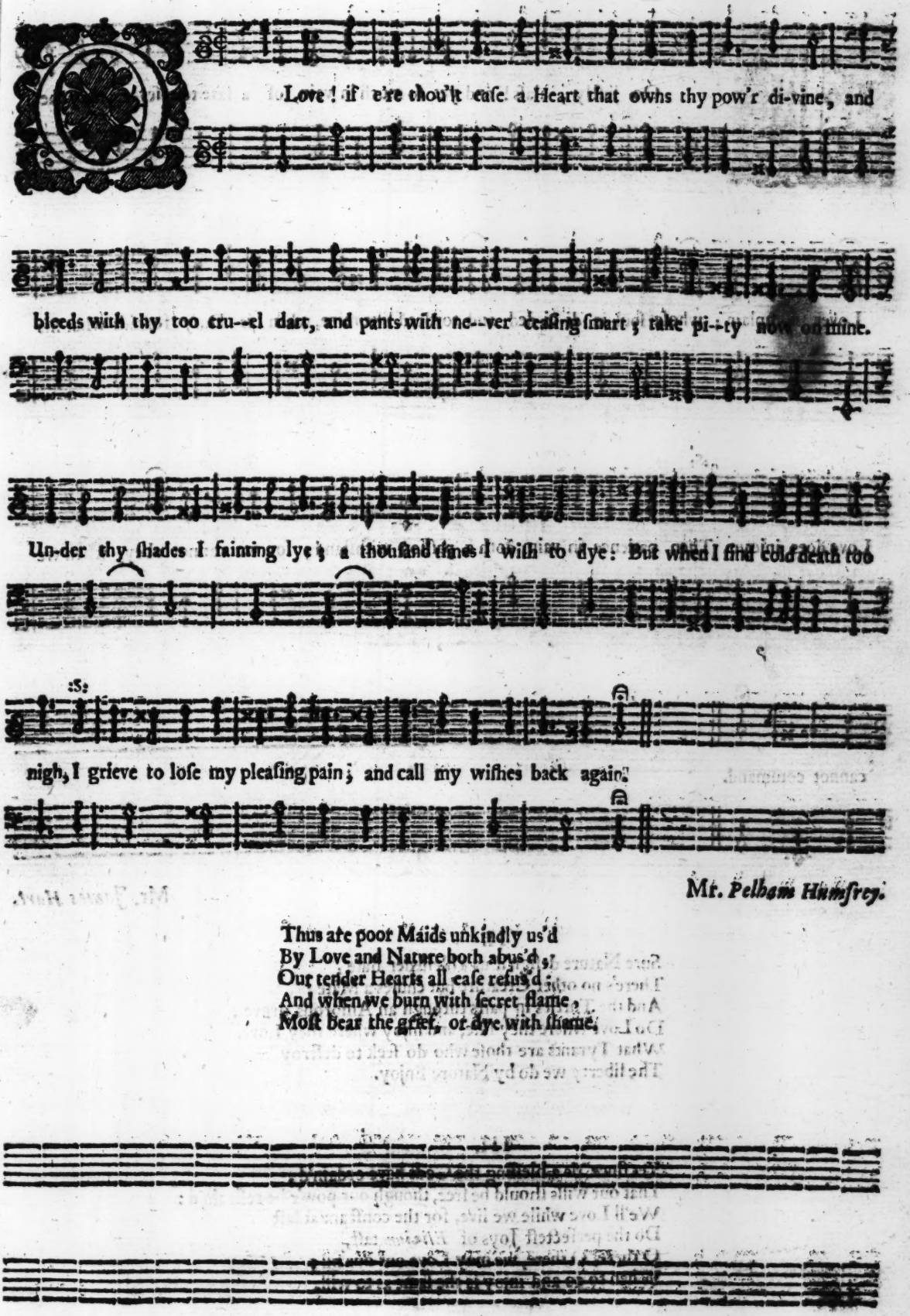
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

'Tis Love, 'tis Love! For nothing can
Give real happiness to man:
But Joys like those that Lovers souls enjoy,
Which here on Earth there's nothing can destroy.
Ay, ay, 'tis Love can only be
The happy souls felicitie.

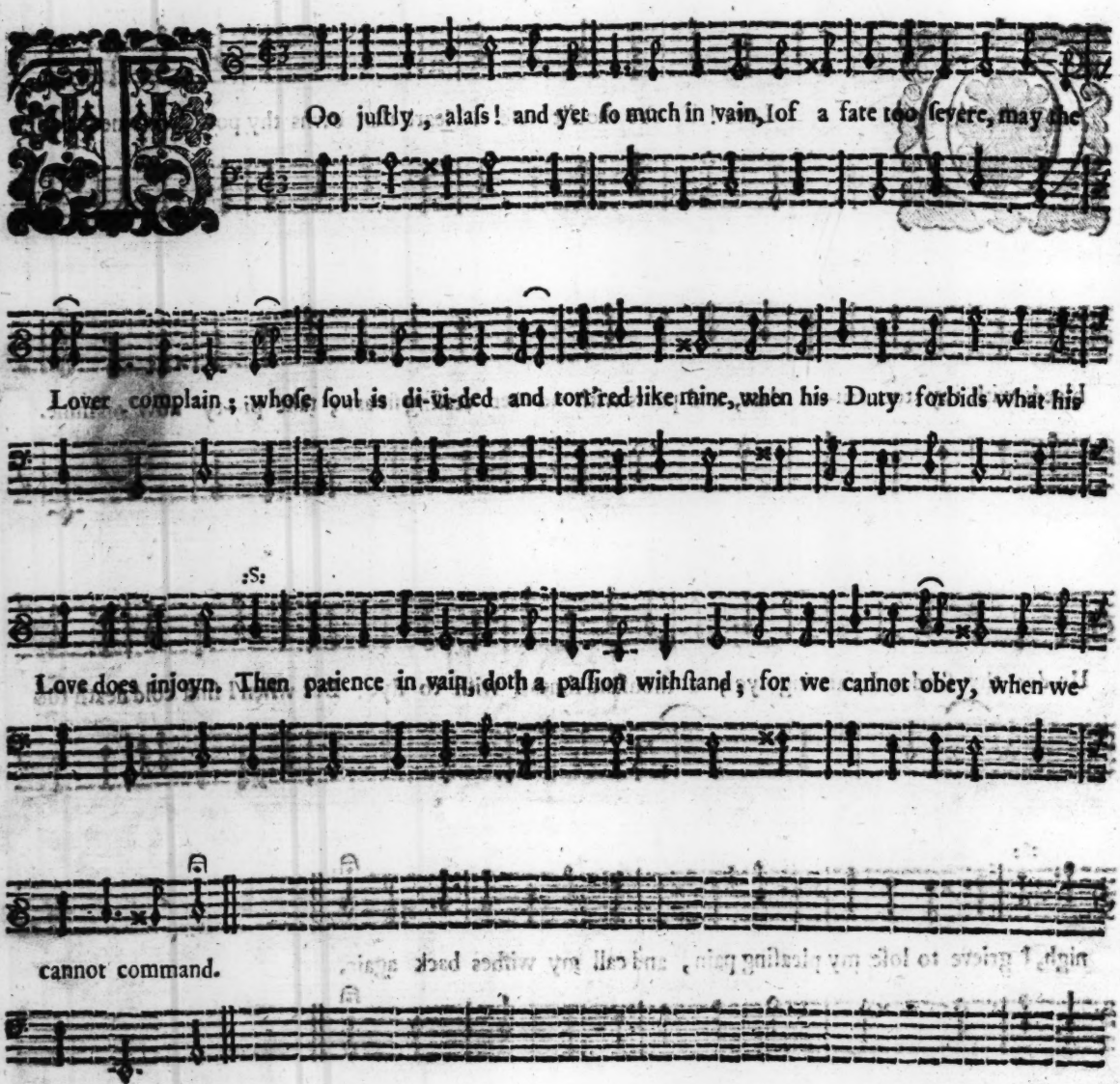
III.

Are your delights in what you see,
Of wonderful varietie?
Or can your Joys arise from pleasant things,
Your taste, or smelling, to your fancy brings?
No, no, 'tis plain, if it were so,
Eternity by gradual steps must go.



Mr. Pelham Humfrey.

Thus are poor Maids unkindly us'd
By Love and Nature both abus'd;
Our tender Hearts all eaſe refus'd;
And when we burn with ſecret flame,
Muſt bear the grief, or dye with ſhame.



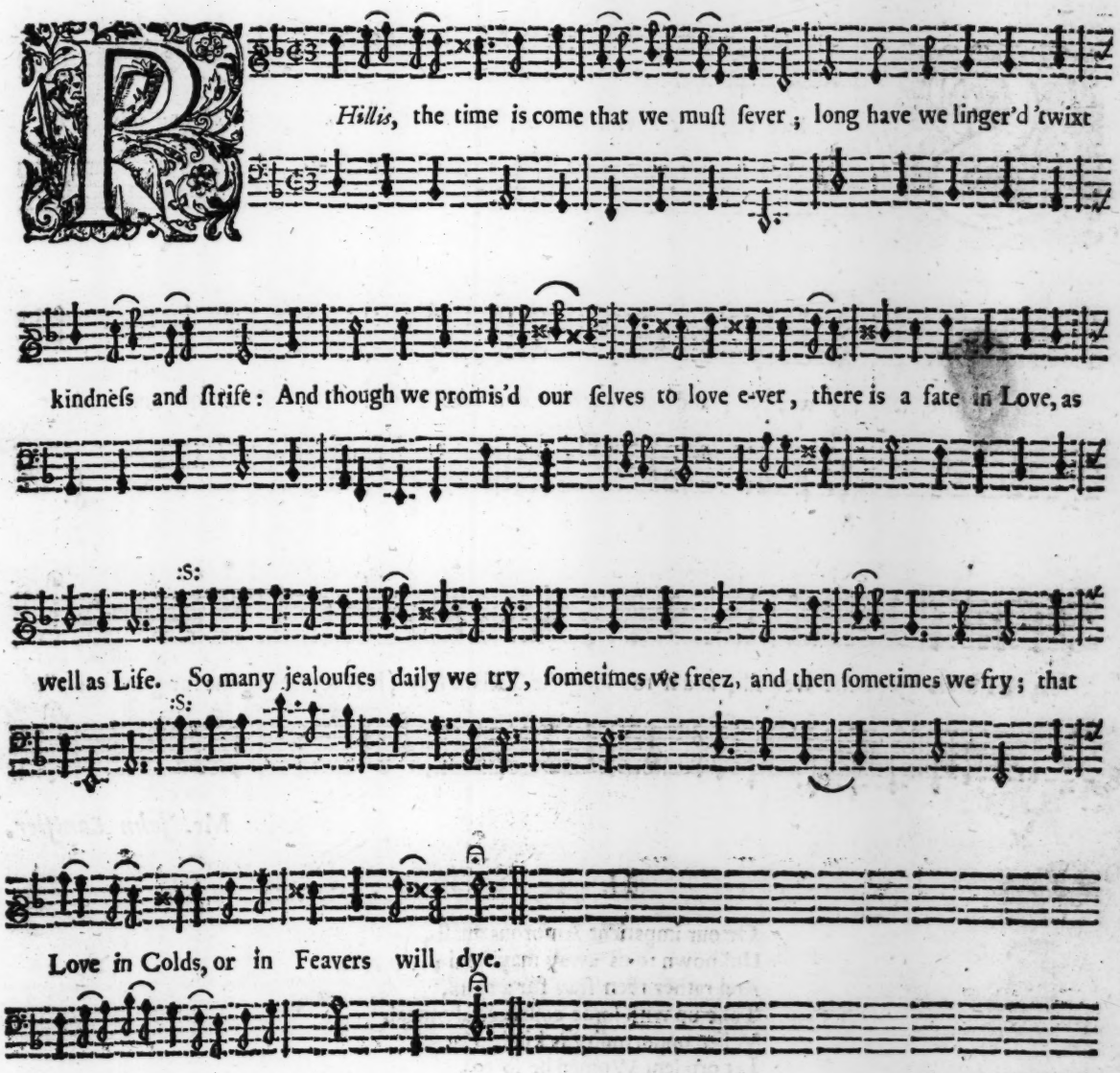
Mr. *James Hart.*

II.

Sure Nature deſign'd us a bleſſeder ſtate;
There's no other Creature but chuſes a Mate:
And the Turtles in pairs through an Amorous grove,
Do Love where they like, and injoy where they Love.
What Tyrants are thoſe who do ſeek to deſtroy
The liberty we do by Nature Enjoy.

III.

Yet ſince 'tis a bleſſing the Gods have ordain'd,
That our wills ſhould be free, though our pow'r be reſtrain'd:
We'll Love while we live, for the conſtant at laſt
Do the perfecteſt Joys of *Elizium* taſt,
O there, O there, we may Love out our fill:
When to do and injoy is the ſame as to will.



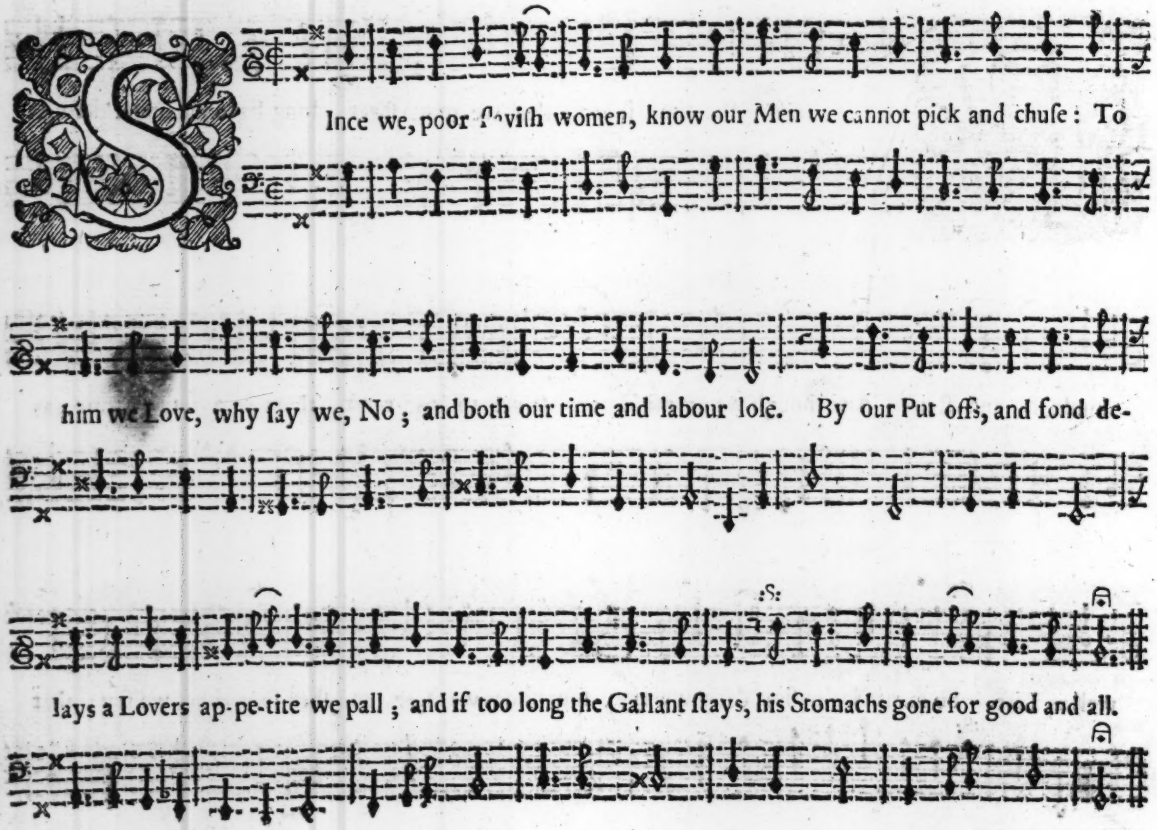
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

Both by our ſelves, and others tormented,
Still in ſuſpence betwixt Heaven and Hell:
Ever deſiring, and never contented;
Either not Loving, or Loving too well.
Parting we ſtill are in each others pow'rs;
Our Love's a weather of Sun-ſhine, and ſhow'rs:
Its dayes are bitter, though ſweet are its How'rs.

III.

Why ſhould we Fate any longer importune,
Since to each other unhappy we prove:
Like loſing Gamſters, we tempt our ill Fortune;
Both might be luckier in a new Love.
This were the way our reaſon bear ſway;
But when we ſo pleaſing a Paſſion deſtroy,
We may be more happy, but leſs ſhould enjoy.



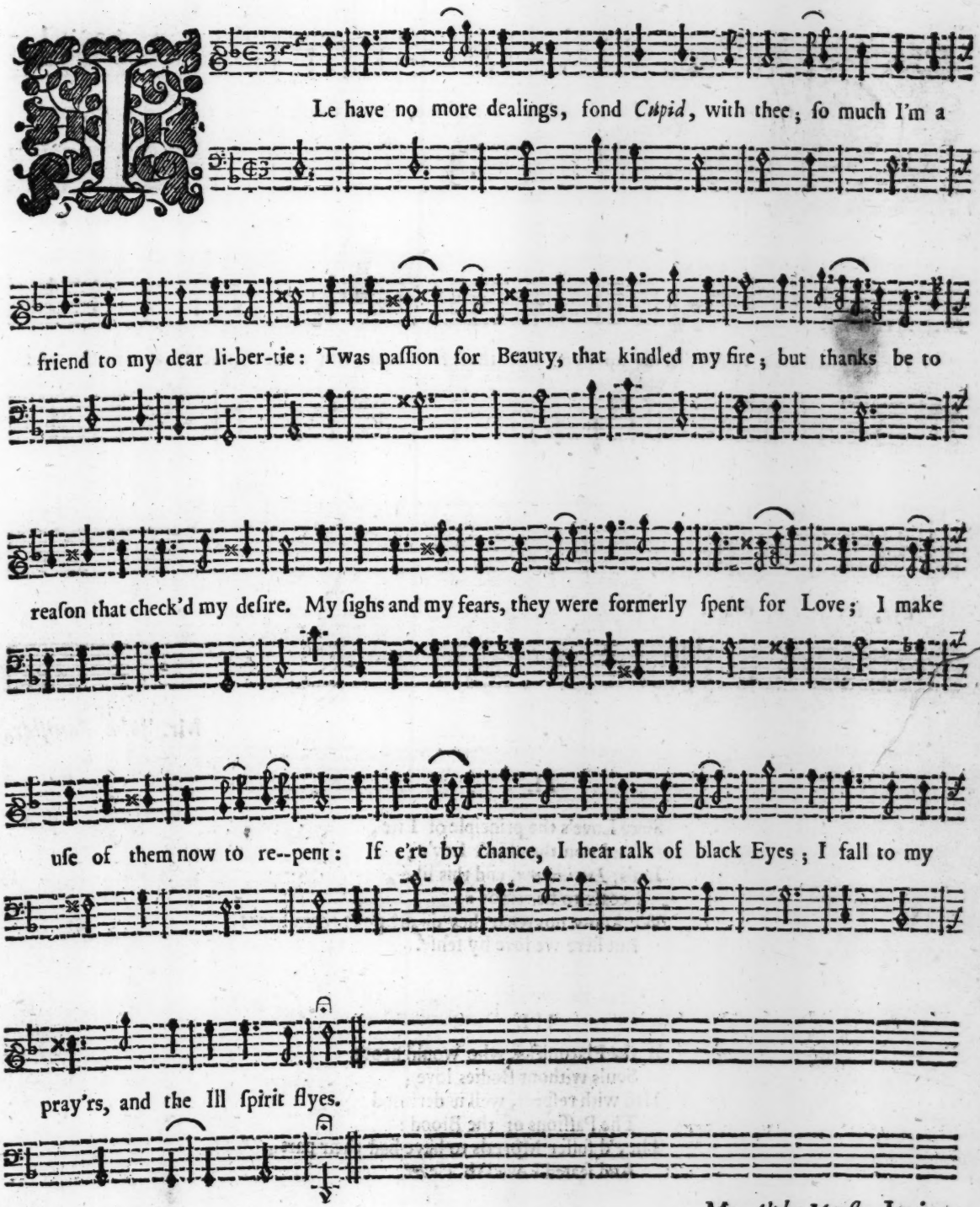
Mr. *John Baniſter.*

II.

Or our impatient Amorous gueſt,
Unknown to us away may ſteal;
And rather then ſtay for a feaſt,
Take up with ſome courſe ready meal.
When opportunity is kind,
Let prudent Women be ſo to;
And if the Man be to her mind,
Be ſure ſhe do not let him go.

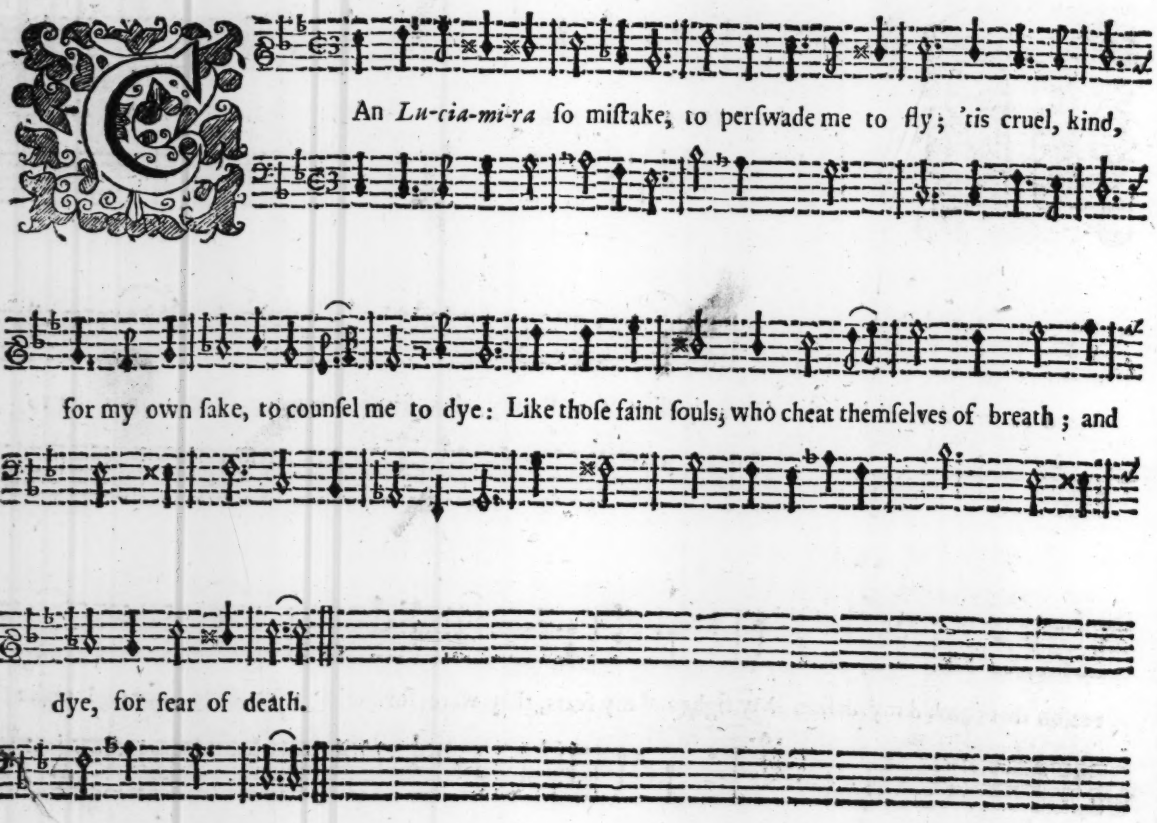
III.

The Match ſoon made, is happieſt ſtill;
For Love has only there to do:
Let no one Marry 'gainſt her will,
But ſtand off when her Parents woo:
And to the Sutor be not coy;
For they whom Joynture can obtain,
To let a Fop her Bed enjoy,
Is but a lawful Wench for gain.



Mr. *Alph. Marſh*, Junior.

There's none in the world madder than he,
That loves his own dangers, and will not be free:
I'le ne're be confin'd to the Devils black Rod,
For ſerving in Love a fantaſtical God.
Experience hath taught me the infallible Art,
Of curbing my Eye-ſight, to preſerve my Heart:
Where e're I encounter a Beauteous face,
I bleſs my ſelf! turn aſide, and mend my pace.



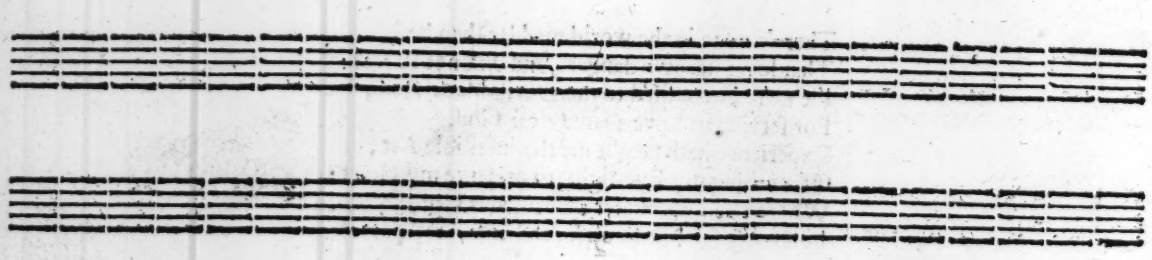
Mr. *John Baniſter.*

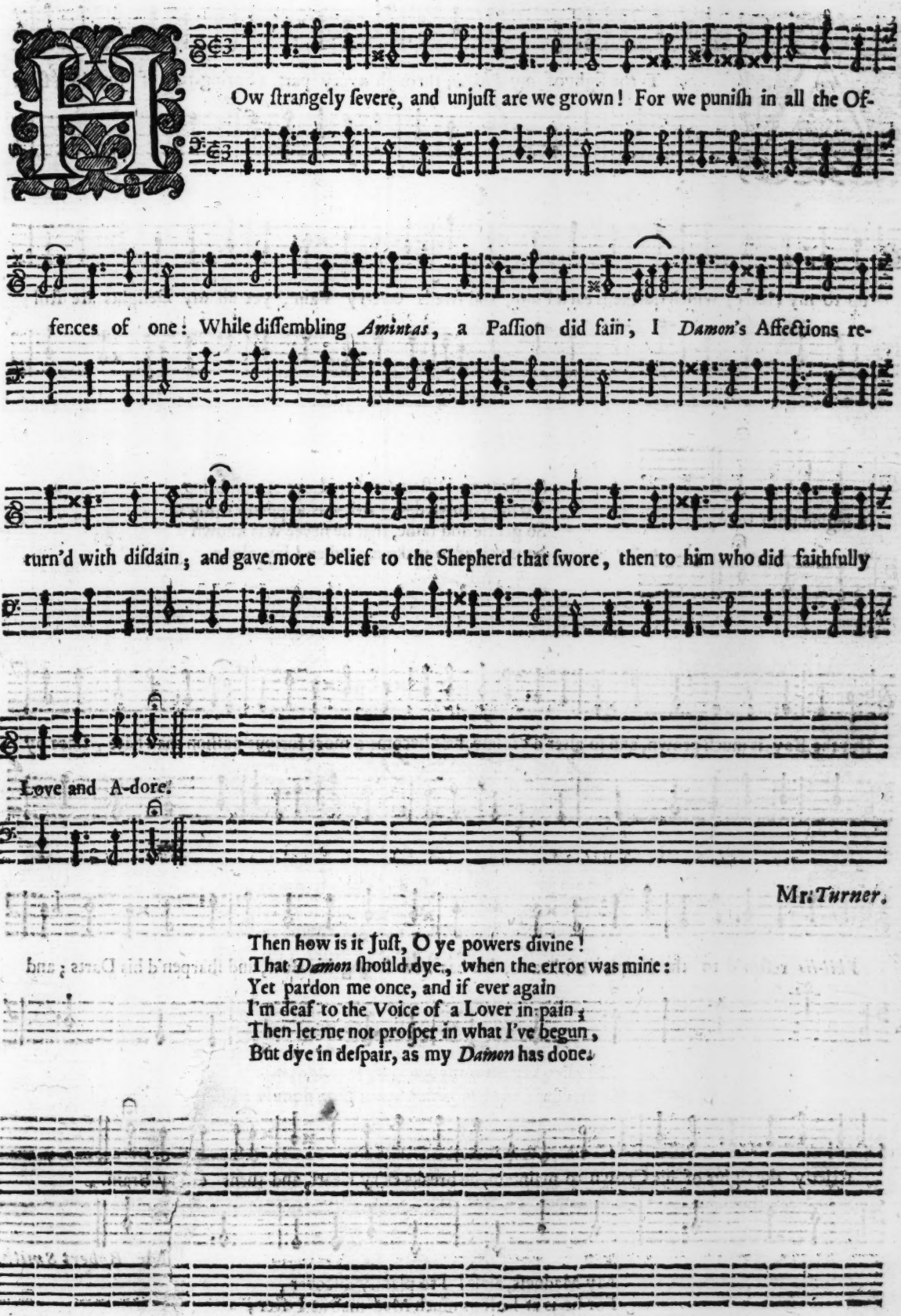
II.

Since Love's the principle of Life;
And you the object Lov'd;
Let's, *Luciamira*, end this like,
I ceaſe to be remov'd:
We know not what they do are gone from hence;
But here we love by ſenſe.

III.

If the Platonicks, who would prove
Souls without Bodies love;
Had with reſpect, well underſtood
The Paſſions of the Blood:
They'd ſuffer Mortals to have had their part;
And ſeated Love i'th' Heart.




How ſtrangely ſevere, and unjuſt are we grown! For we puniſh in all the Of-
fences of one: While diſſembling *Amintas*, a Paſſion did fain, I *Damon's* Affections re-
turn'd with diſdain; and gave more belief to the Shepherd that ſwore, then to him who did faithfully
Love and A-dore.
Mr. *Turner.*
Then how is it Juſt, O ye powers divine!
That *Damon* ſhould dye, when the error was mine:
Yet pardon me once, and if ever again
I'm deaf to the Voice of a Lover in pain;
Then let me not proſper in what I've begun,
But dye in deſpair, as my *Damon* has done.

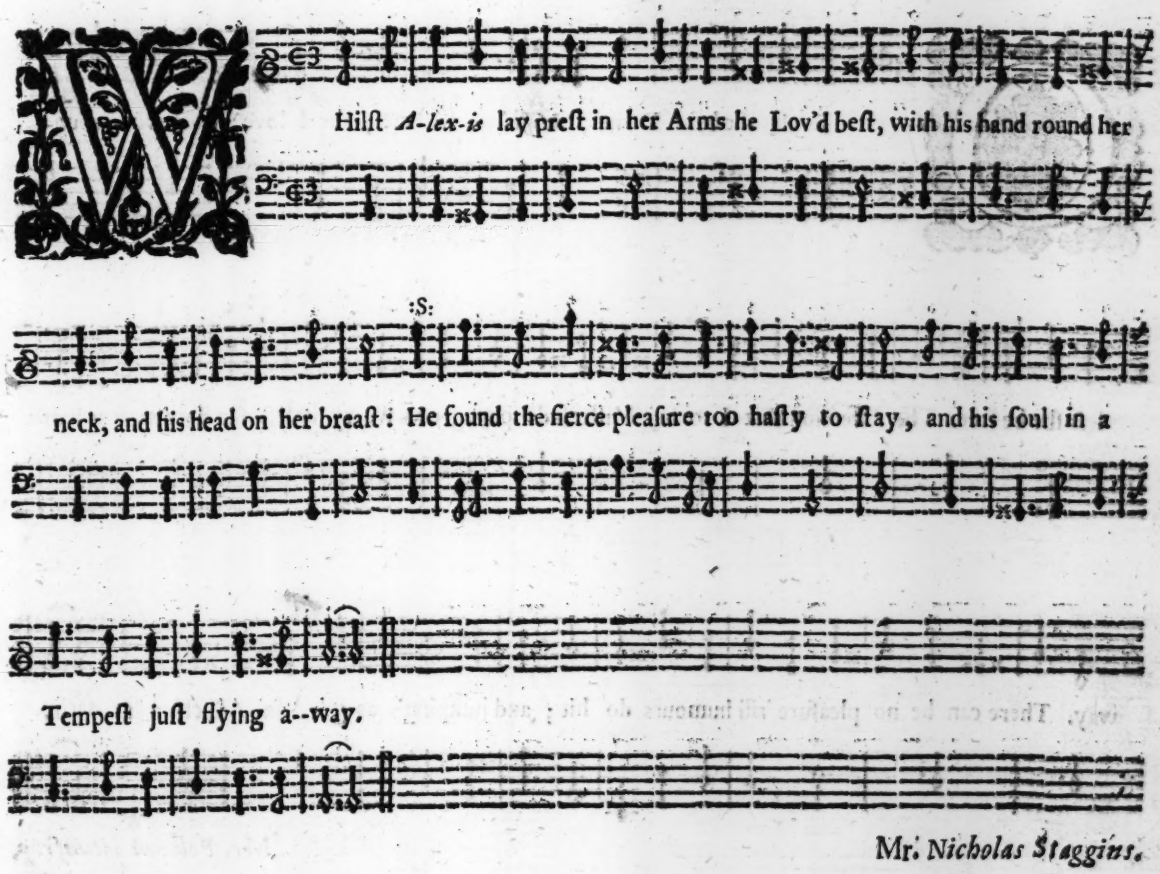
T the ſight of my *Phillis*, through every part, a Spring-tide of Joy doth flow up to my Heart; which quickens each Pulſe, and ſwells e-ve-ry Vain, yet all my Delights are ſtill mingled with Pain.

So ſtrong a Diſtemper, ſure Love cannot bring;
To my Knowledge, Love was a quieter thing:
So gentle and tame, that he never was known
So much as to wake me, when I lay alone.

But the Boy is much grown, and ſo alter'd of late, he's become a more furious paſſion than hate; ſince by *Phil-lis* reſtor'd to the Empire of hearts, he has new ſtrung his Bow, and ſharpen'd his Darts; and ſtrictly the rights of his Crown to maintain, he breaks ev'ry Heart, and turns ev'-ry Brain.

Mr. *Robert Smith.*

My Madneſs, alaſs! I to plainly diſcover;
For he is at leaſt as much Mad-man as Lover,
Who for one cruel Beauty, is ready to quit
All the Nimphs of the Stage, and thoſe of the Pit:
The Joys of *Hide-park*, and the *Mall's* dear delight,
To be Sober all day, and Chaſt all the Night.



Mr. *Nicholas Staggins.*

II.

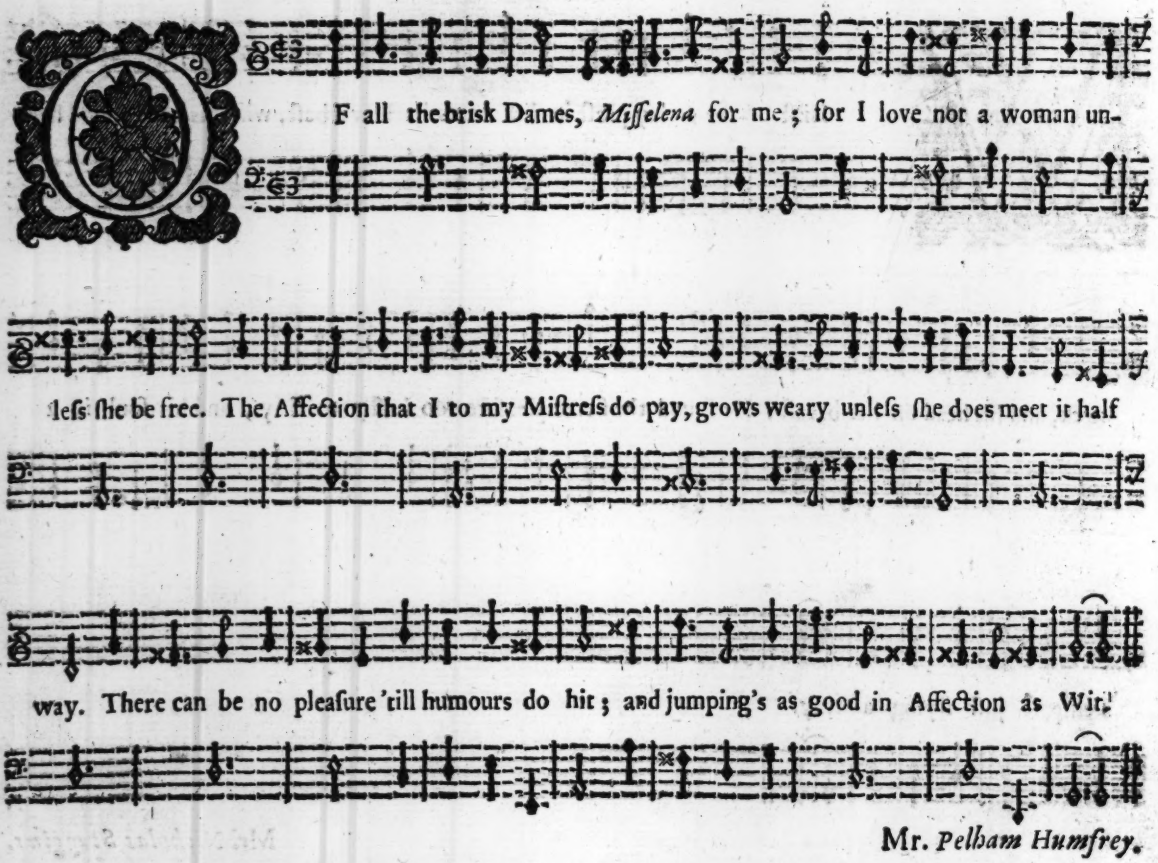
When *Celia* ſaw this, with a Sigh and a Kiſs,
She cry'd, O my Dear! I'm robb'd of my bliſs:
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and dye all alone.

III.

The Youth, though in haſt, and breathing his laſt,
In pity, dy'd ſlowly, whilſt She dy'd more faſt;
'Till at length ſhe cry'd, now, my Dear, now
Let's go; Now dye, my *Alexis*, and I will dye too.

IV.

Thus intranc'd ſhe did lye, while *Alexis* did try
To recover new breath, that again he might dye:
Then often they dy'd; but the more they did ſo,
The Nimph dy'd more quick, and the Shepherd more ſlow.



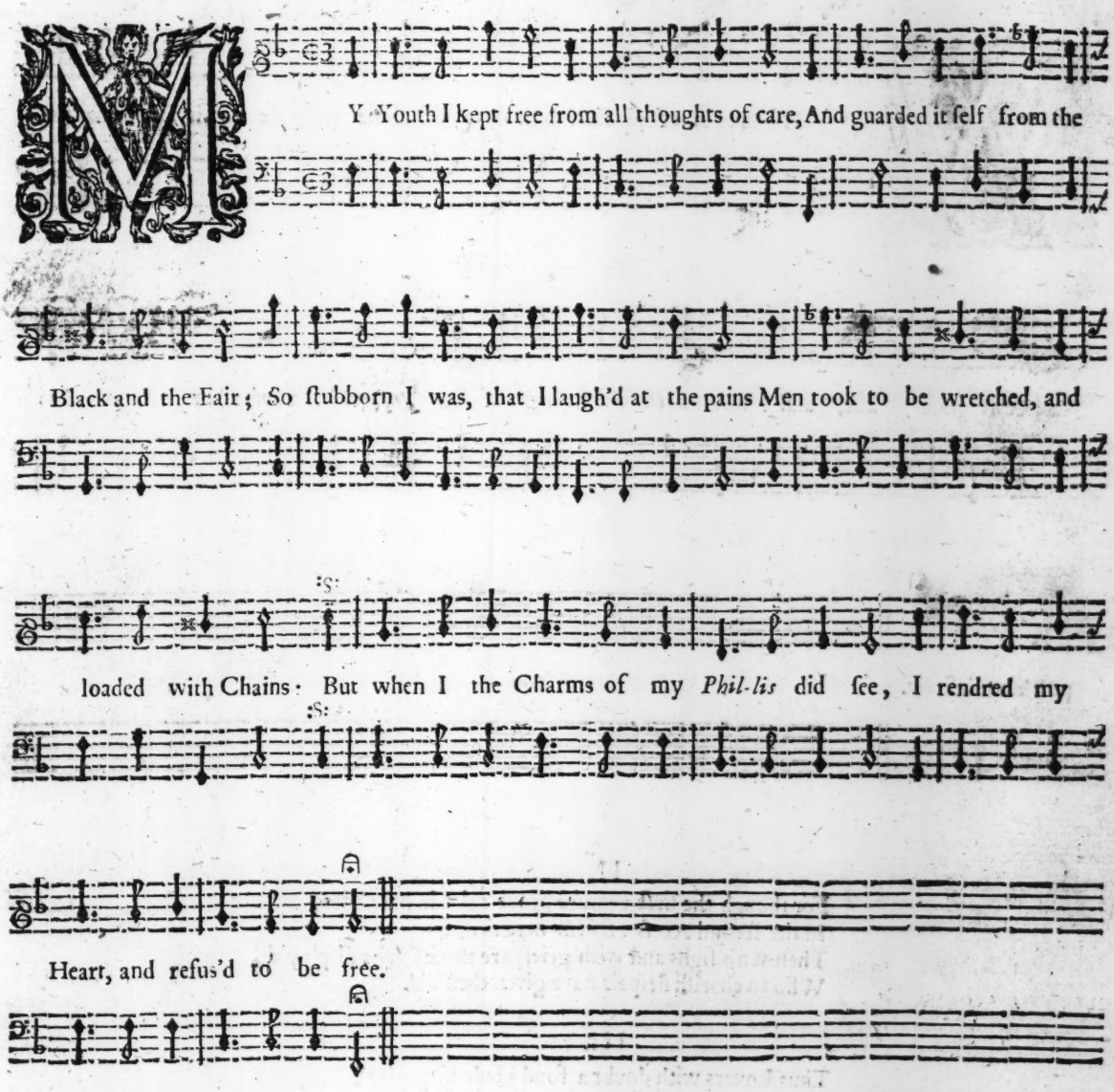
Mr. *Pelham Humfrey.*

II.

No ſooner I came, but ſhe lik'd me as ſoon;
No ſooner I askt, but ſhe granted my boon:
And without a Preamble, a Portion, or Joynture,
She promis'd to meet me where e're I'de appoint her.
So we ſtruck up a match, and embraced each other,
Without the conſent of Father or Mother.

III.

Then away with a Lady that's modeſt and coy;
Let her ends be the pleaſures that we do enjoy:
Let her tickle her fancy with ſecret delight,
And refuſe all the day, what ſhe longs for at night.
I believe my *Selina*, who ſhews they'r all mad
To feed on dry bones, when fleſh may be had.



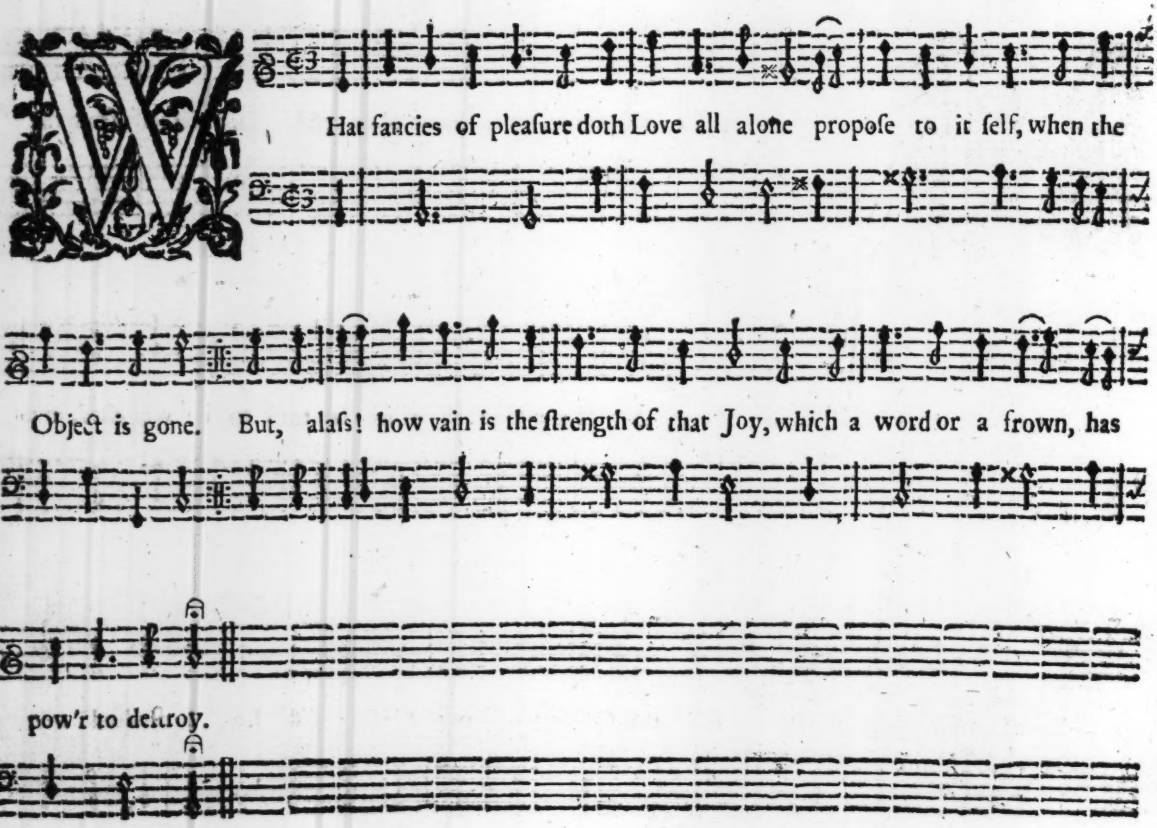
Mr. *Alph. Marſh*, Junior.

II.

I Lov'd with a Zeal and paſſion ſo ſtrong,
Forgot ſhe was woman, and could not love long:
I never conſider'd the tricks and the arts
She us'd to entangle and captivate hearts:
At length I diſcover'd, and plainly I knew
My *Phillis* was fickle, and could not be true.

III.

I cur'ſt my hard fate that kindled my flame;
I oft'ner my ſelf than my *Phillis* did blame:
Yet I bore ſuch reſpect unto her, that I thought,
Want of merit in me, this humour hath wrought.
And then I reſolv'd I never would be
So bold as to Love, but would always be free.



II.

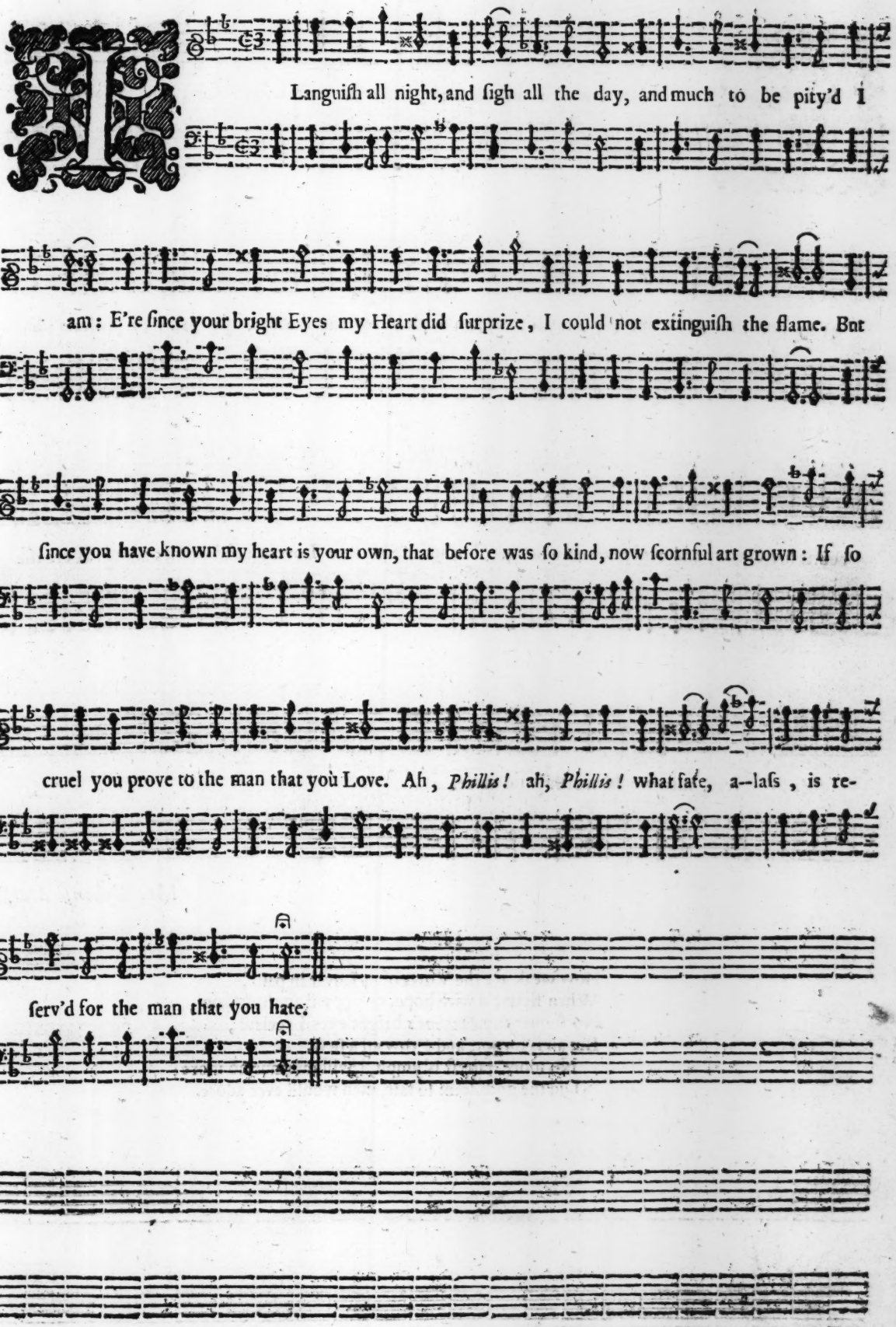
For though the firſt venture prove calm in her Eyes;
In the ſecond acceſs a ſtorm may ariſe:
Then with ſighs and with grief are thoſe ſpirits diſplay'd;
Who to cheriſh deſpair have given their aid.

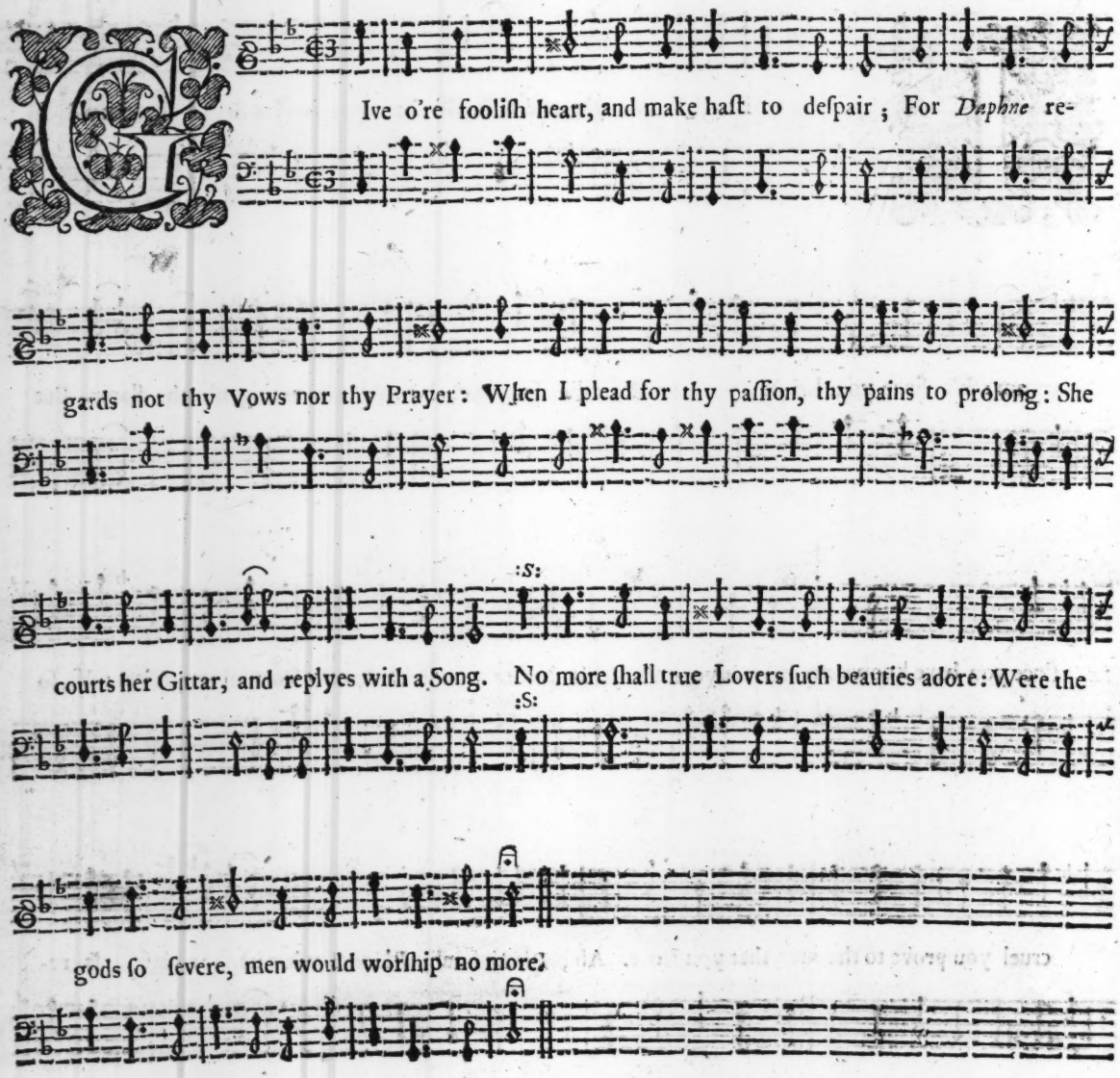
III.

Thus Lovers with doubt a fond kindneſs purſue,
Whilſt fate from their follies prove falſe and untrue:
They're either poſſeſt with the thoughts of deſpair,
Or elſe lay on Love a continual care.

IV.

Then ſince we'r endu'd with ſo gentle a ſoul,
That ev'ry ſmall ſignal our heart may controle;
'Twere a ſign of Loves pity, our care to reſtrain,
By making us free-men, without ſo much pain.

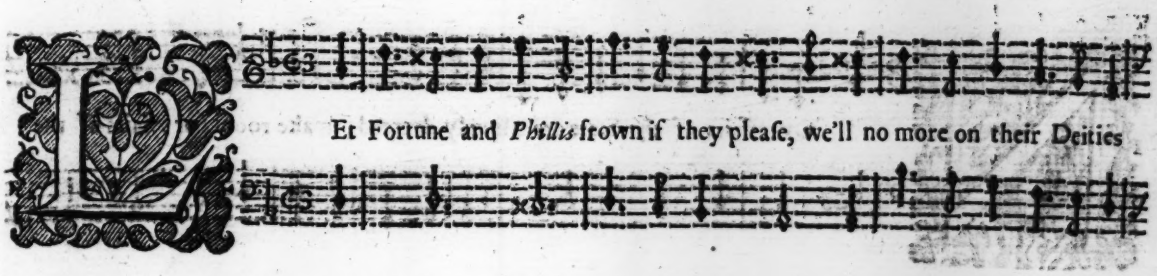

I Languiſh all night, and ſigh all the day, and much to be pity'd I
am: E're ſince your bright Eyes my Heart did ſurprize, I could not extinguiſh the flame. But
ſince you have known my heart is your own, that before was ſo kind, now ſcornful art grown: If ſo
cruel you prove to the man that you Love. Ah, *Phillis!* ah, *Phillis!* what fate, a--laſs, is re-
ſerv'd for the man that you hate.



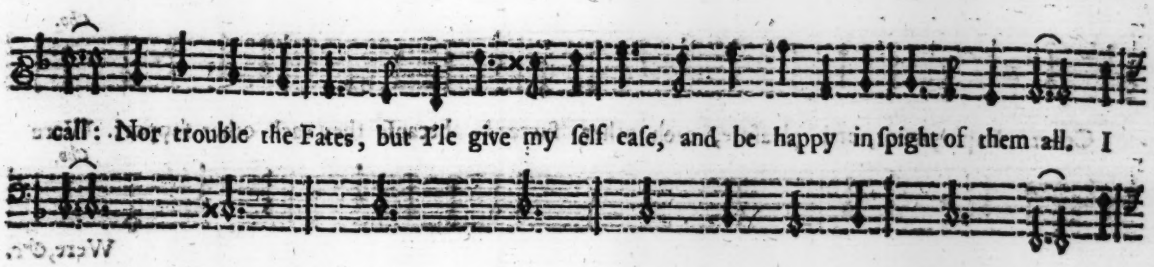
Mr. *Alphonſo Marſh.*

II.

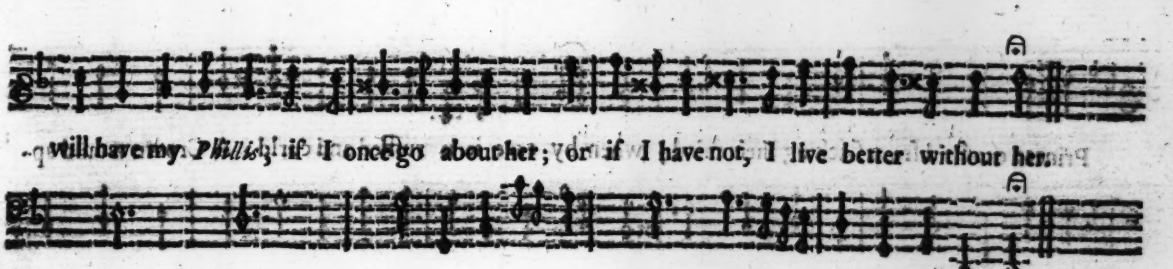
How weak are the Vows of a Lover in pain,
When flatter'd with hope, or oppreſt with diſdain;
No ſooner my *Daphne's* bright eyes I review,
But all is forgot, and I vow all a new.
No more, faireſt Nymph, I will murmur no more;
Did the gods ſeem ſo fair, men would ever adore.



Et Fortune and *Phillis* frown if they pleaſe, we'll no more on their Deities



call: Nor trouble the Fates, but I'le give my ſelf eaſe, and be happy in ſpight of them all. I

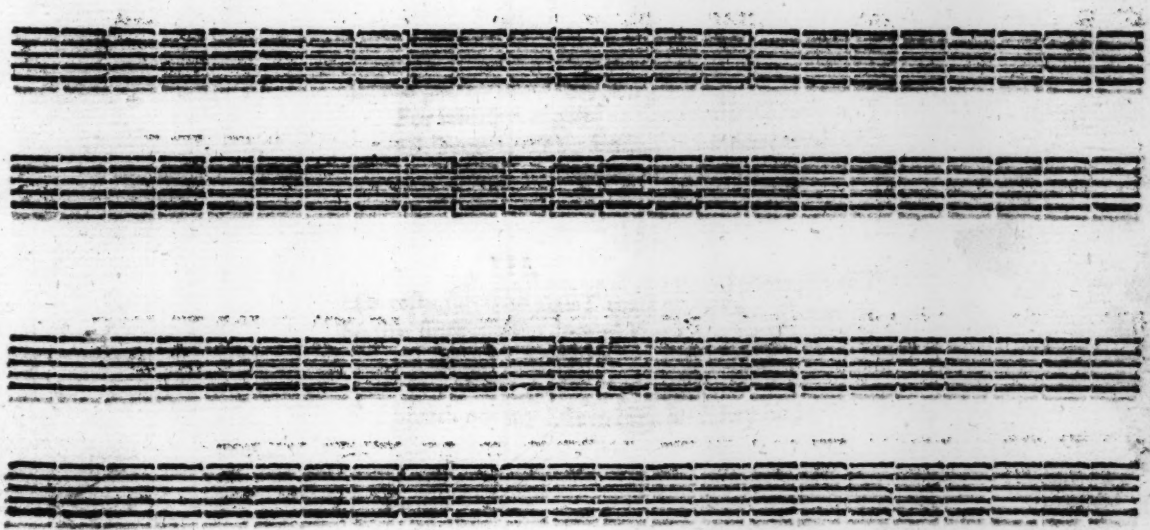


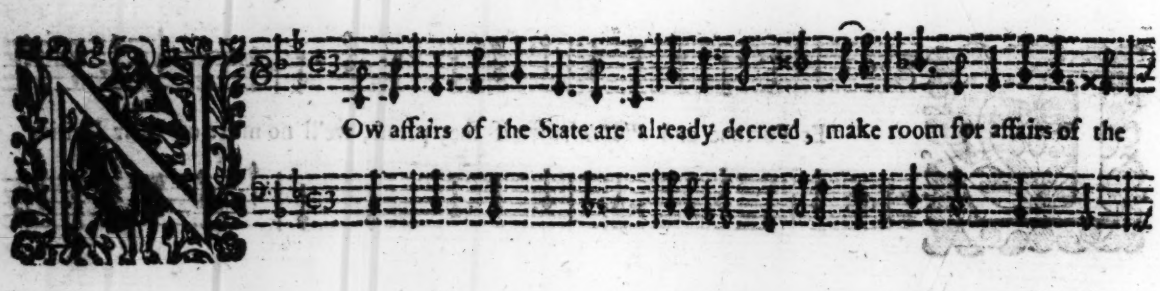
will have my *Phillis*, if I once go about her; or if I have not, I live better without her.

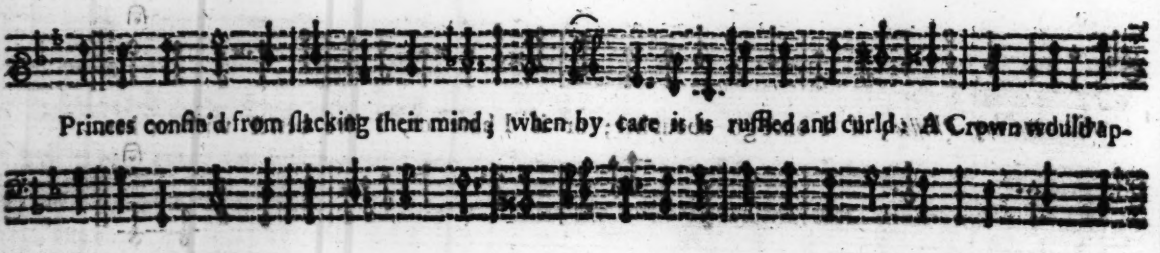
Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

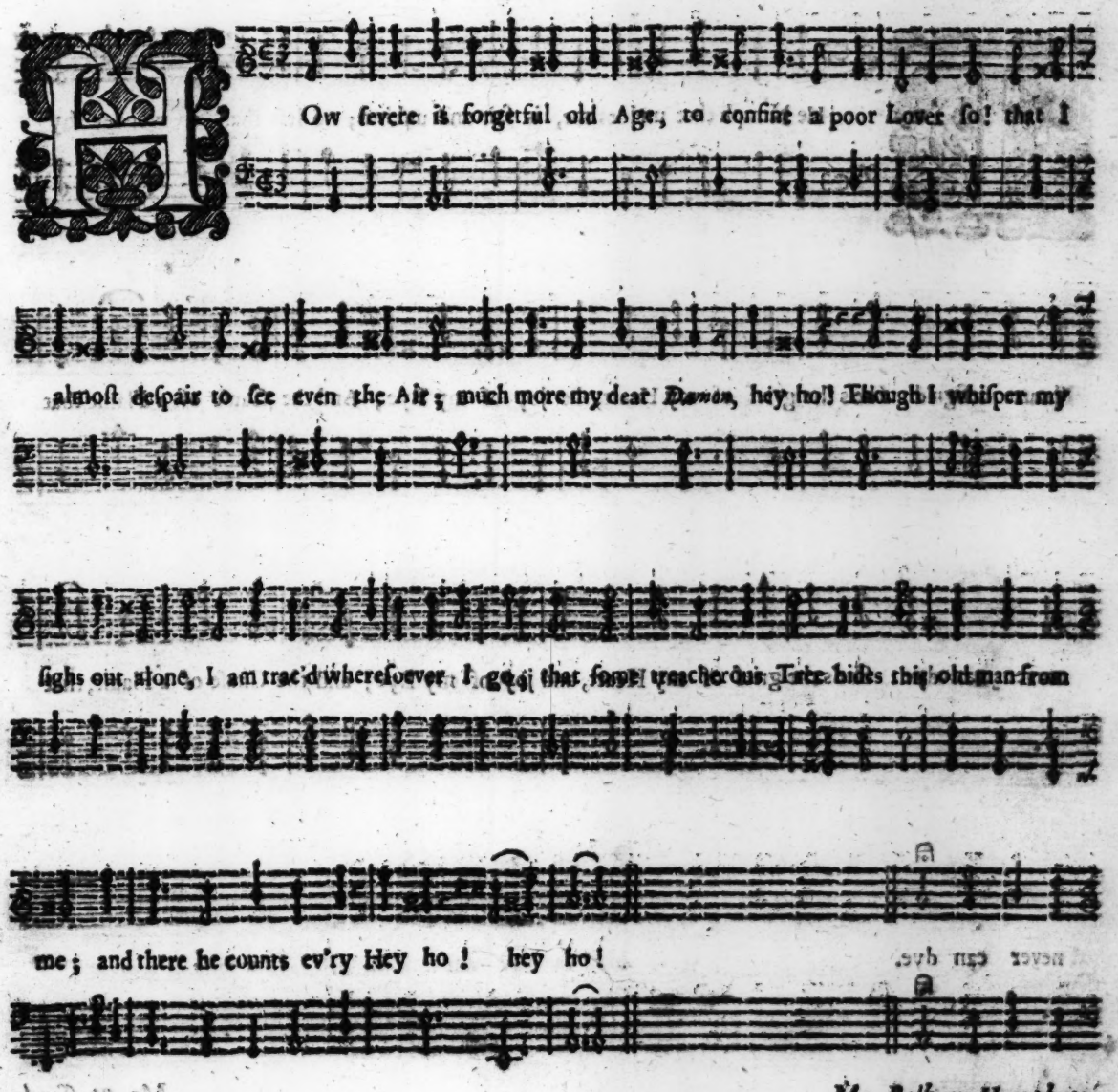
II.

If ſhe prove Virtuous, Obliging and Kind,
Perhaps I'le vouchſafe to love her:
But if Pride or Inconſtancy in her I find,
I'd have her to know I'm above her.
For at length I have learn'd, now my better ſtate gone,
To Love, if I pleaſe, or to let it alone.




Now affairs of the State are already decreed, make room for affairs of the
Cho.
Court: Imployment, and pleasure, each other succeed; because they each other support. Were
Cho.
Were, &c.


Princes confin'd from slacking their mind; when by care is is ruffled and curld: A Crown would ap-
pear too heavy to wear; and no man would Govern the World.


HOw severe is forgetful old Age, to confine a poor Lover so! that I
almost despair to see even the Air; much more my dear *Damon*, hey ho! Though I whisper my
sighs out alone, I am trac'd wheresoever I go; that some treacherous Tree hides this old man from
me; and there he counts ev'ry Hey ho! hey ho!

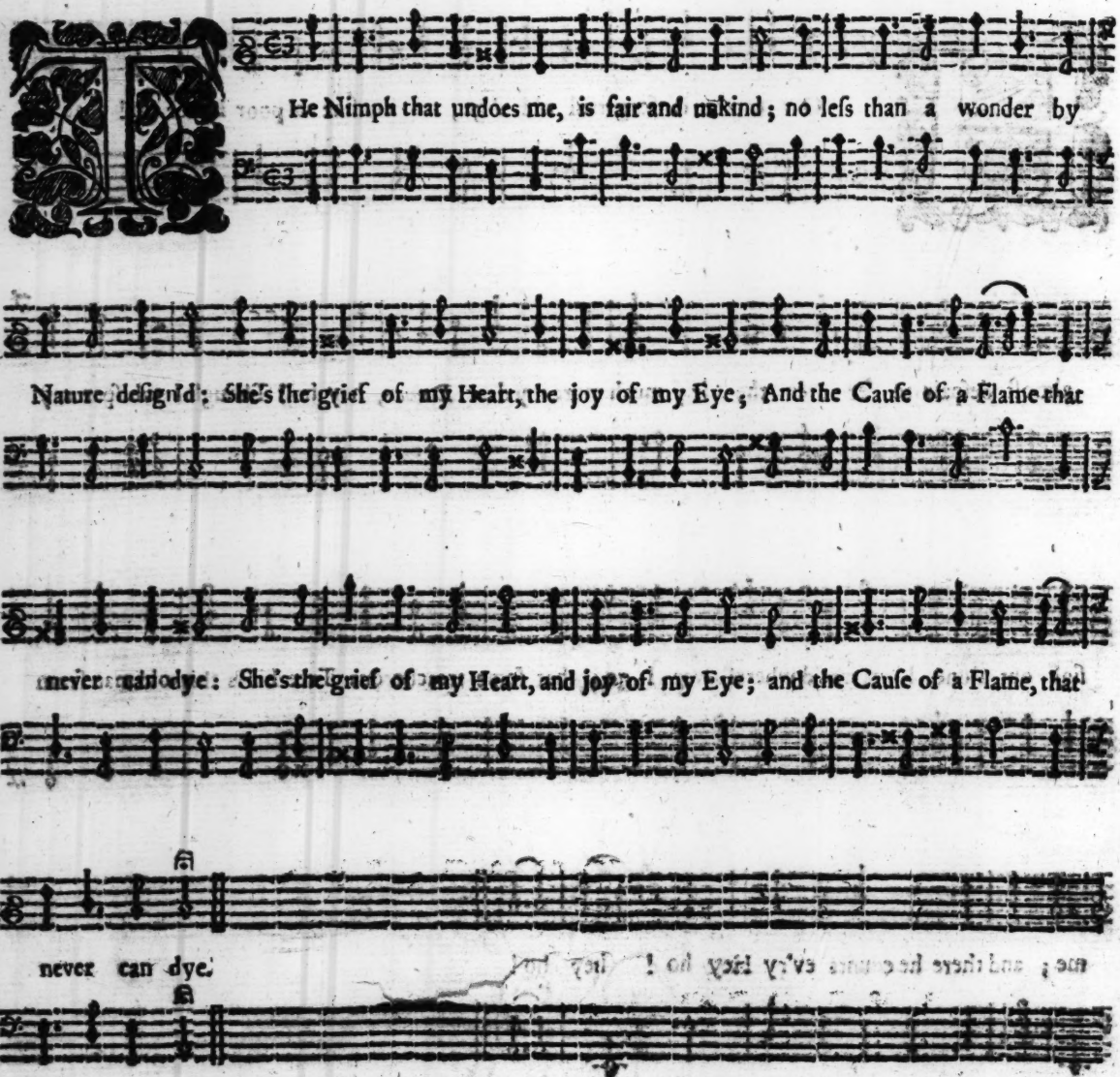
Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

II.

How shall I this Virgin blind?
And so put an end to my wo;
For whilst I beguile
His Frowns with a Smile;
I betray my self, with a Hey ho! hey ho!

III.

My restraint, then alass! must endure,
So that since my sad doom I know:
I'le pine for my Love
Like the Turtle-Dove;
And breath out my Life in Hey ho! hey ho!



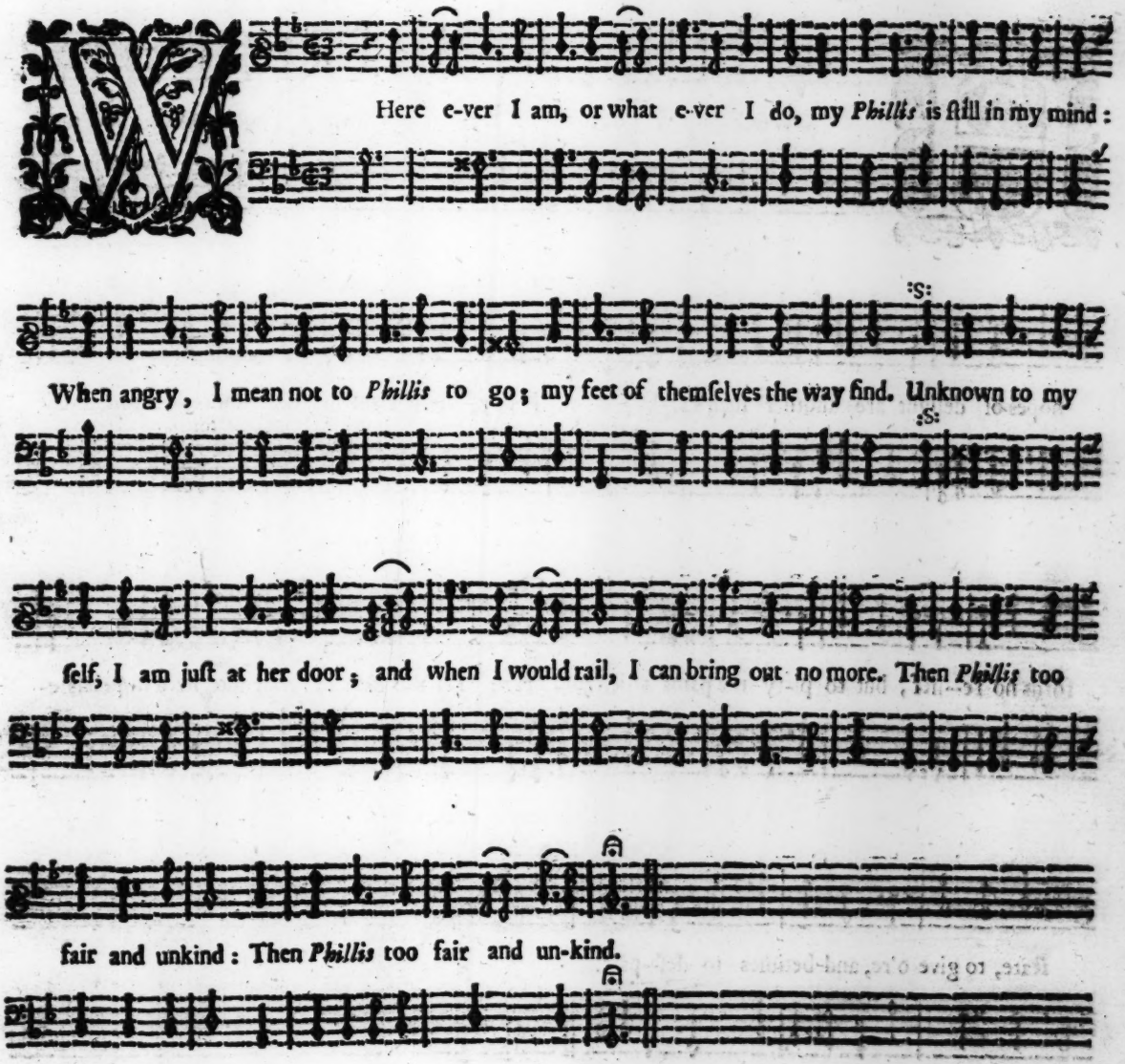
Mr. *Stafford.*

II.

Her Lips, from whence Wit obligingly flows,
Has the colour of Cheries, and ſmell of the Roſe:
Love and Deſtiny both attends on her will,
She Saves with a ſmile, with a frown ſhe can Kill.

III.

The diſperate Lover can hope no Redreſs;
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in excels:
In *Celia* they meet, ſo unhappy am I;
Who ſees her muſt Love, who Loves her muſt dye.



Mr. *Alphonſo Marſh.*

II.

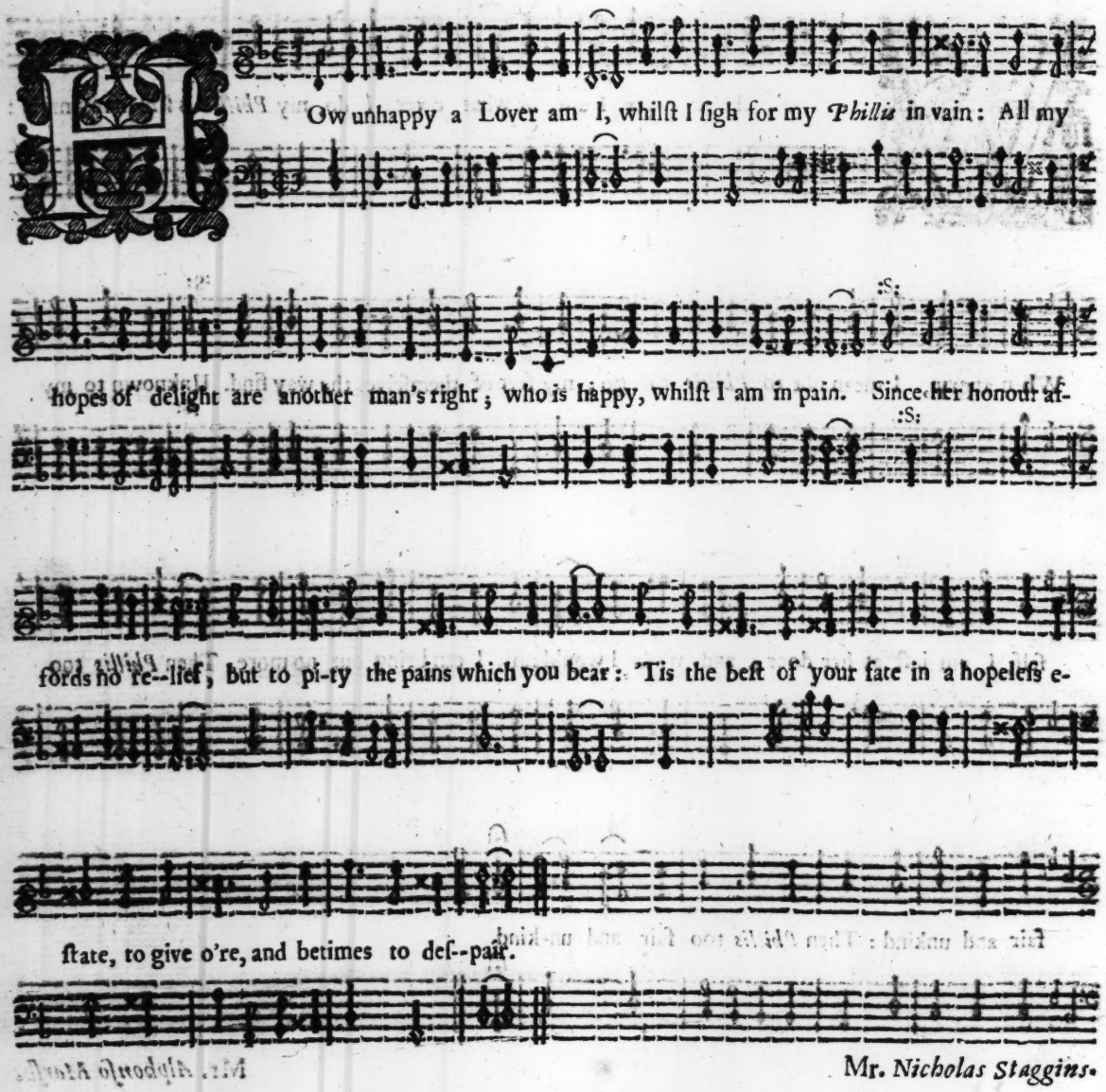
When *Phillis* I ſee, my heart burns in my breaſt,
And the Love I would ſtifle is ſhow'n:
But aſleep or awake, I am never at reſt,
When from mine eyes *Phillis* is gone.
Sometimes a ſweet dream doth delude my ſad mind;
But alaſs! when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
Then I ſigh to my ſelf all alone!
Then I ſigh to my ſelf all alone!

III.

Should a King be my rival in her I adore,
He ſhould offer his treaſure in vain:
O let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again.
Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind,
I could to a Deſart with her be confin'd;
And envy no Monarch his reign:
And envy no Monarch his reign.

IV.

Alaſs! I diſcover too much of my Love;
And ſhe too well knows her own pow'r:
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour.
But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love *Phillis*, both falſe and unkind,
Then ever be freed from her pow'r:
Then ever be freed from her pow'r.



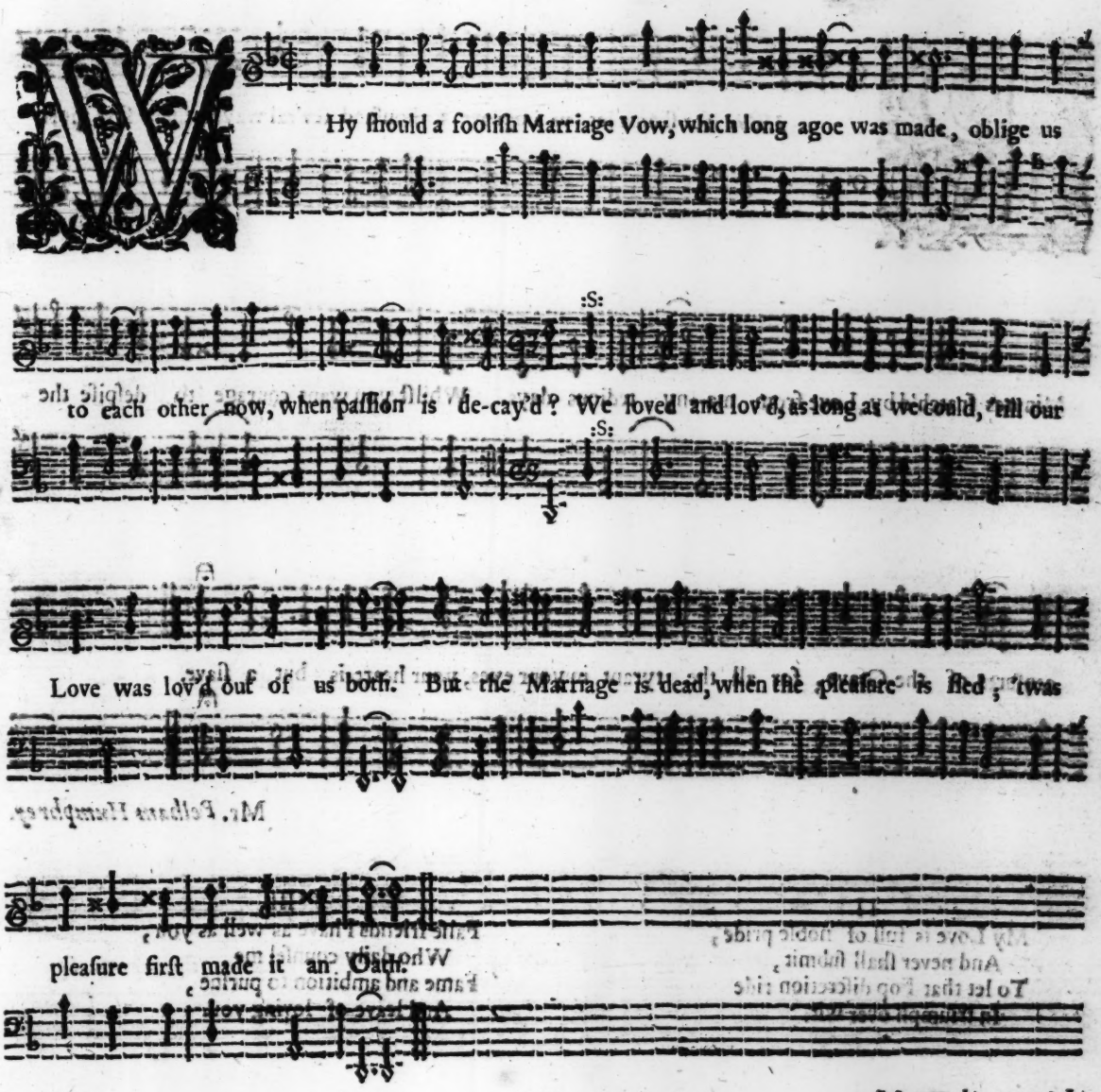
Mr. *Nicholas Staggins.*

II.

I have try'd the false Medicine in vain;
Yet I wish what I hope not to win:
From without my desire has no food to its fire,
But it burns and consumes me within.
Yet at least, 'tis a comfort to know
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the Nimph you adore is as wretched or more,
And accounts all your suff'rings her own.

III.

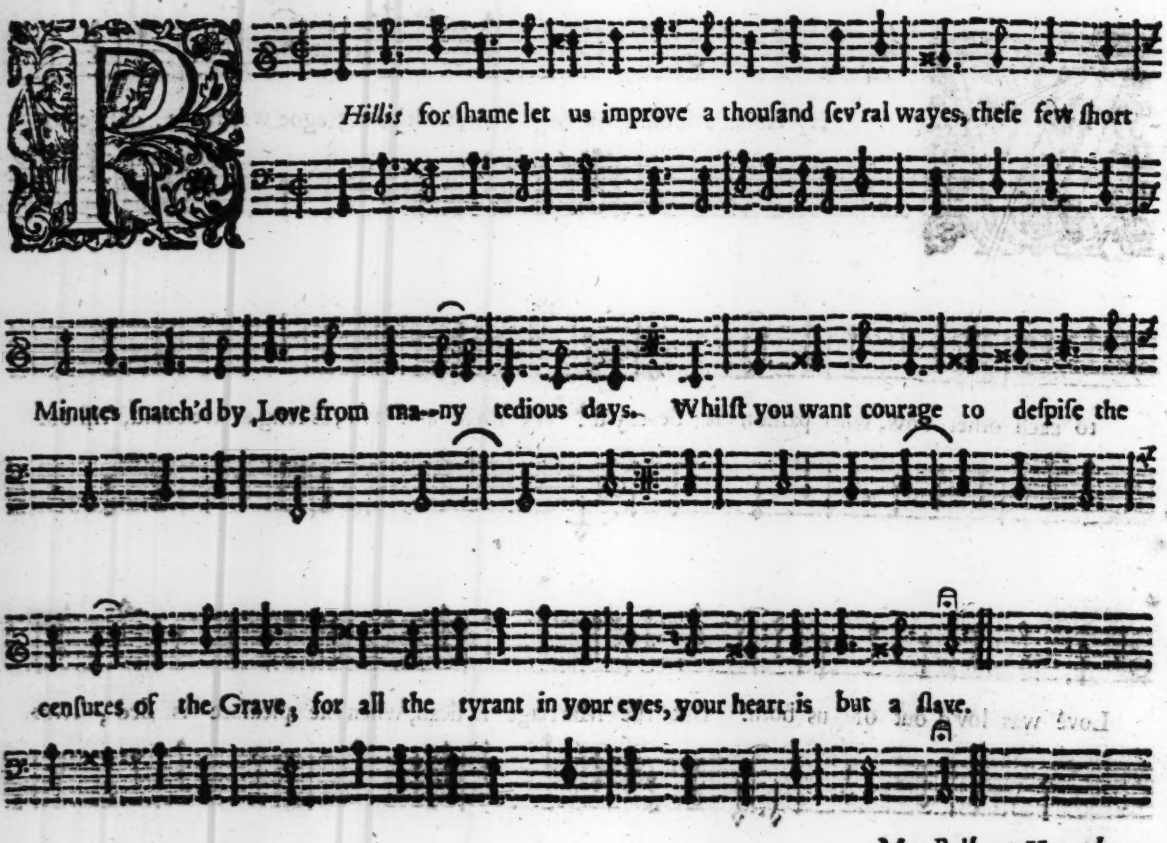
O you pow'rs! let me suffer for both;
At the feet of my *Phillis* I'le lye:
I'le resign up my breath, and take pleasure in death,
To be pity'd by her when I dye.
What her honour deny'd you in life,
In her death she will give to her love:
Such a flame as is true, after fate will renew,
When the souls do meet closer above.



Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

If I have pleaſure for a friend,
And further joy in ſtore,
What wrong has he whoſe joys did end,
And who could give no more?
It's a madneſs that he
Should be jealous of me,
Or that I ſhould bar him of another;
When all we can gain
Is to give our ſelves pain,
And neither can hinder the other.



Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

II.

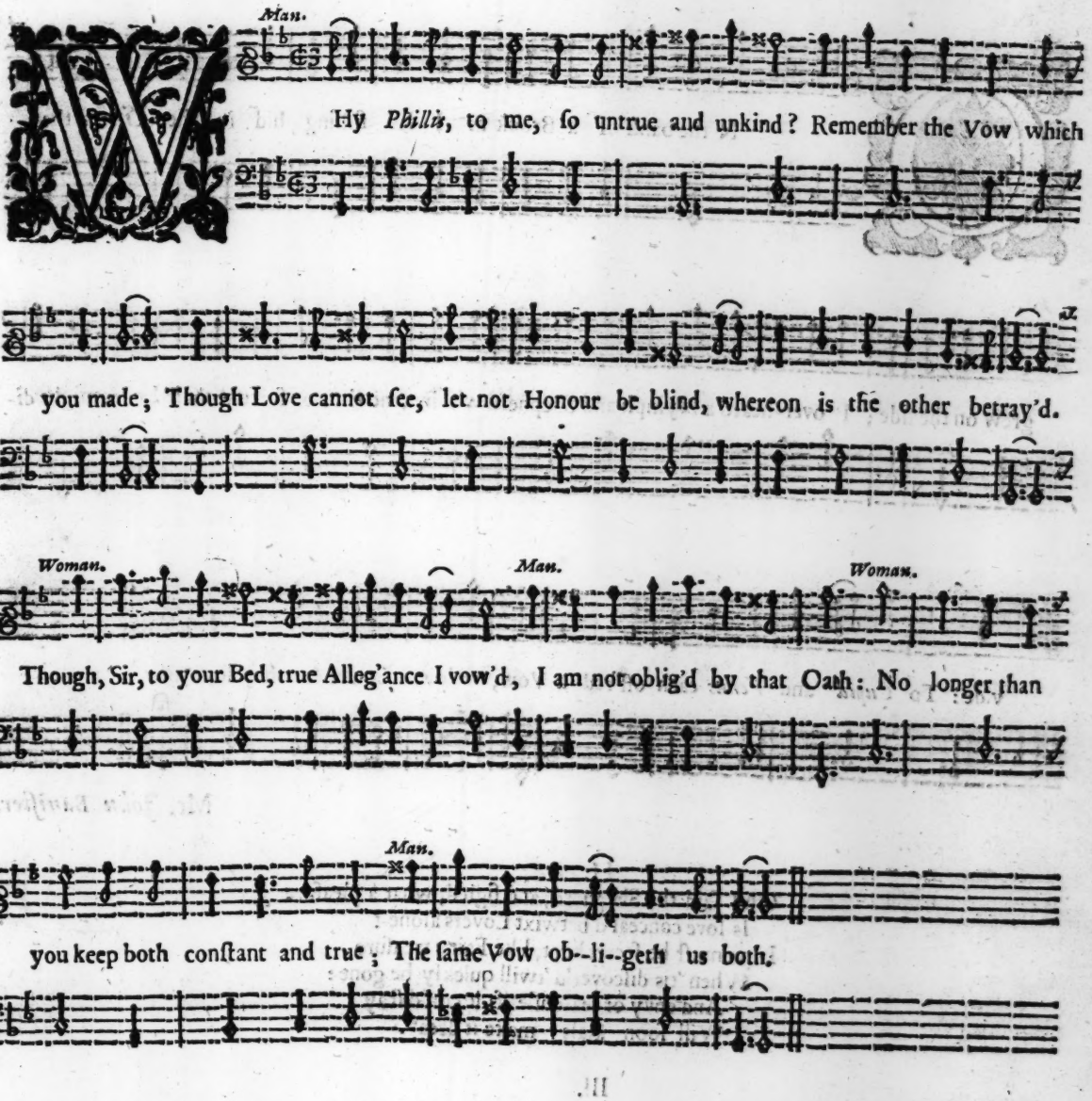
My Love is full of noble pride,
And never ſhall ſubmit,
To let that Fop diſcretion ride
In triumph over wit.

III.

Falſe friends I have as well as you,
Who daily counſel me,
Fame and ambition to purſue,
And leave of loving you.

IV.

When I the leaſt belief beſtow
On what ſuch fools adviſe:
May I be dull enough to grow
Moſt miſerably wiſe.



II.

Man.

Fair Nymph, did you feel
But thoſe Paſſions I bear,
My Love you would never ſuſpect:
An Heart made of ſteel
Sure muſt needs love the fair;
And what we Love cannot neglect.

Woman.

Then ſince we love both,
Let us both be agreed;

Man.

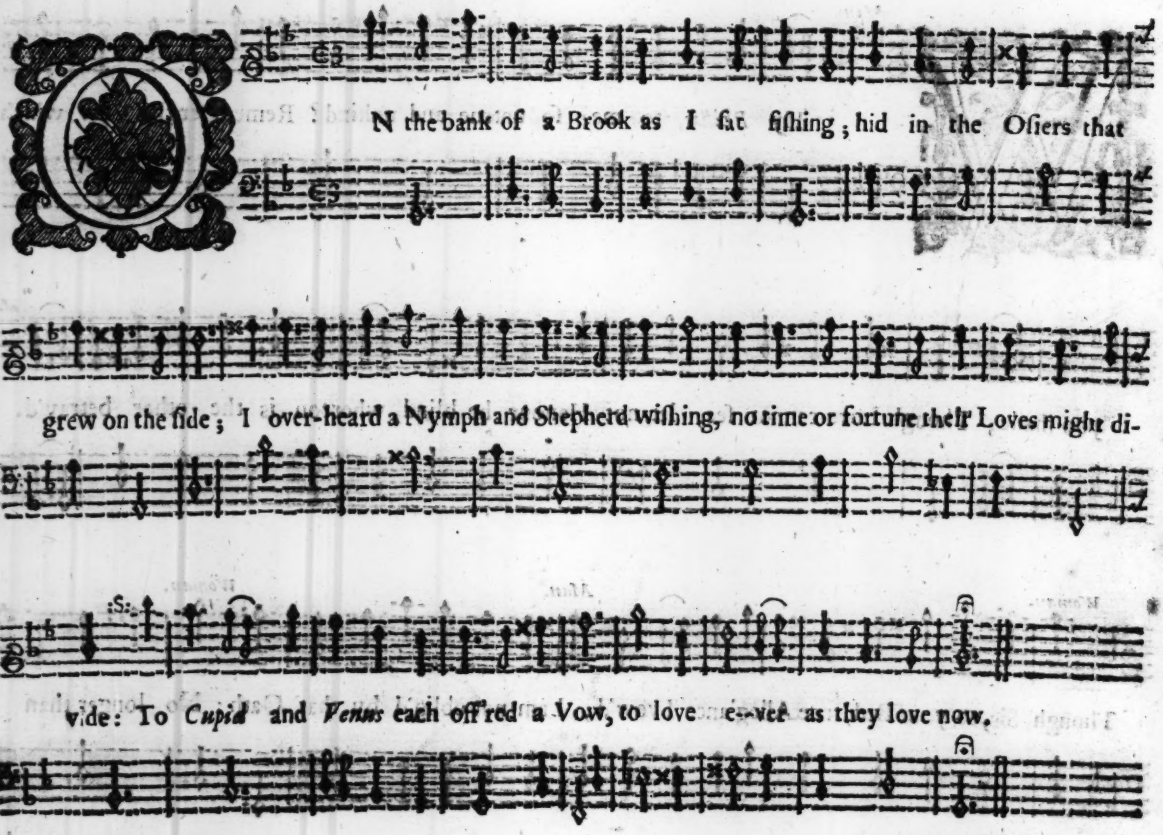
And ſeal both our Loves with a Kiſs:

Woman.

From breaking our Oath
We ſhall both then be freed;

Man.

And Princes will envy our bliſs.



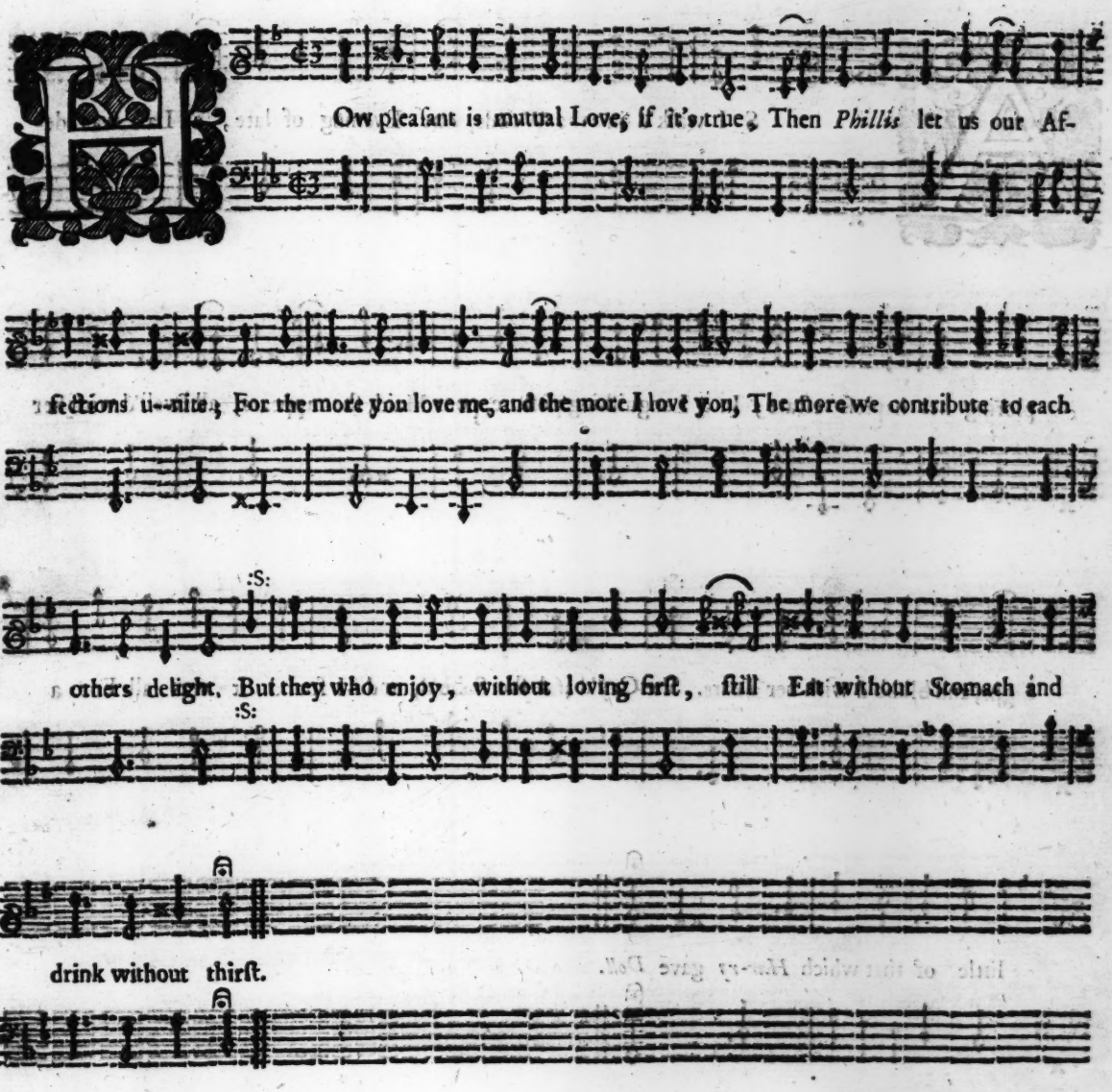
Mr. *John Baniſter.*

II.

Oh! ſaid the Shepherd, and ſigh'd, what a pleaſure
Is love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone?
Love muſt be ſecret kept, like Fairy treaſure,
When 'tis diſcover'd 'twill quickly be gone:
And envy or jealouſie if it could ſtay,
Will ſoon, alaſs! make it decay.

III.

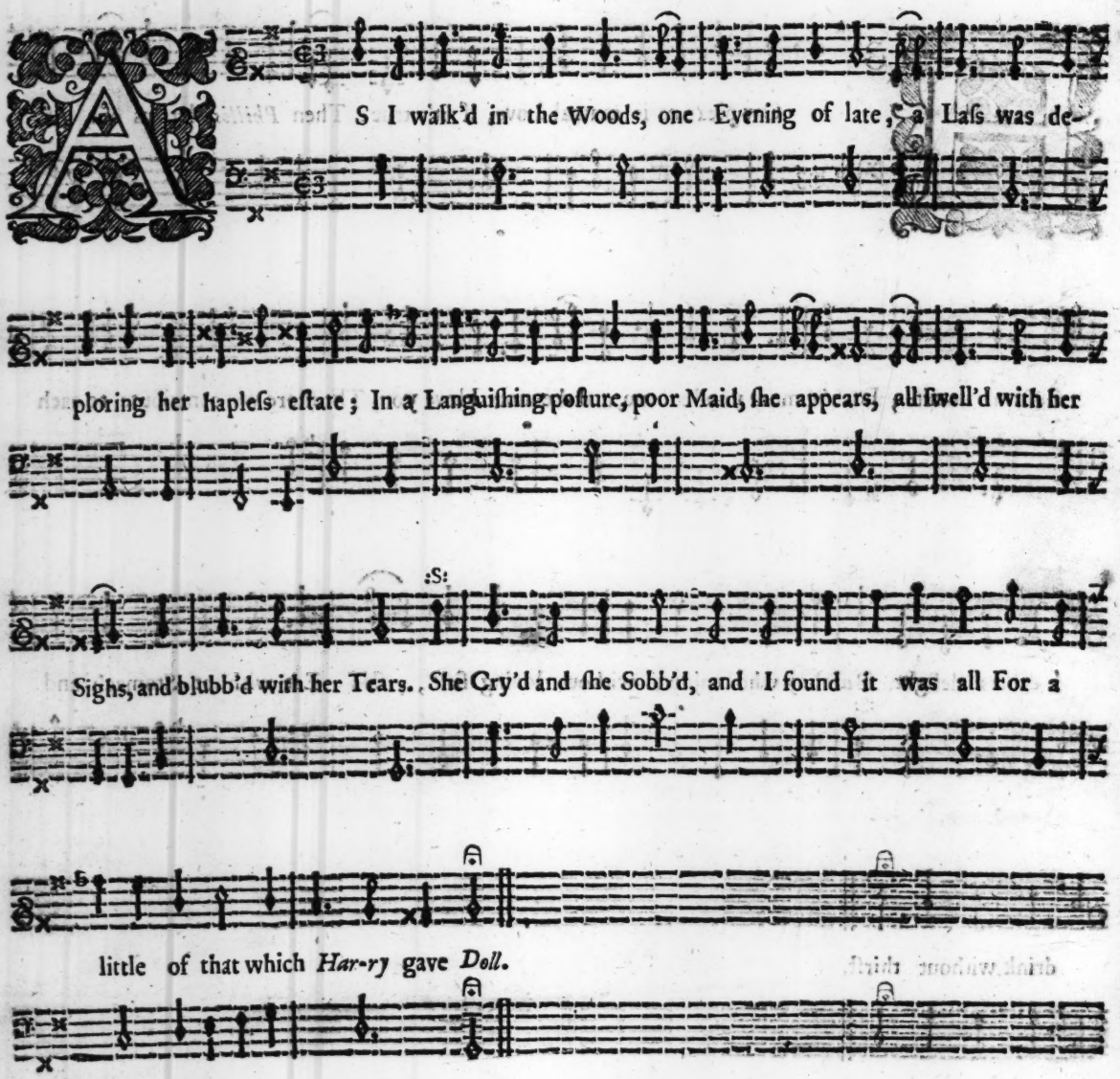
Then let us leave the world and care behind us,
Said the Nimph ſmiling, and gave him her hand;
All alone, all alone, where none ſhall find us,
In ſome far deſart we'l ſeek a new land:
And there live from envy or jealouſie free,
And a World to each other we'l be.



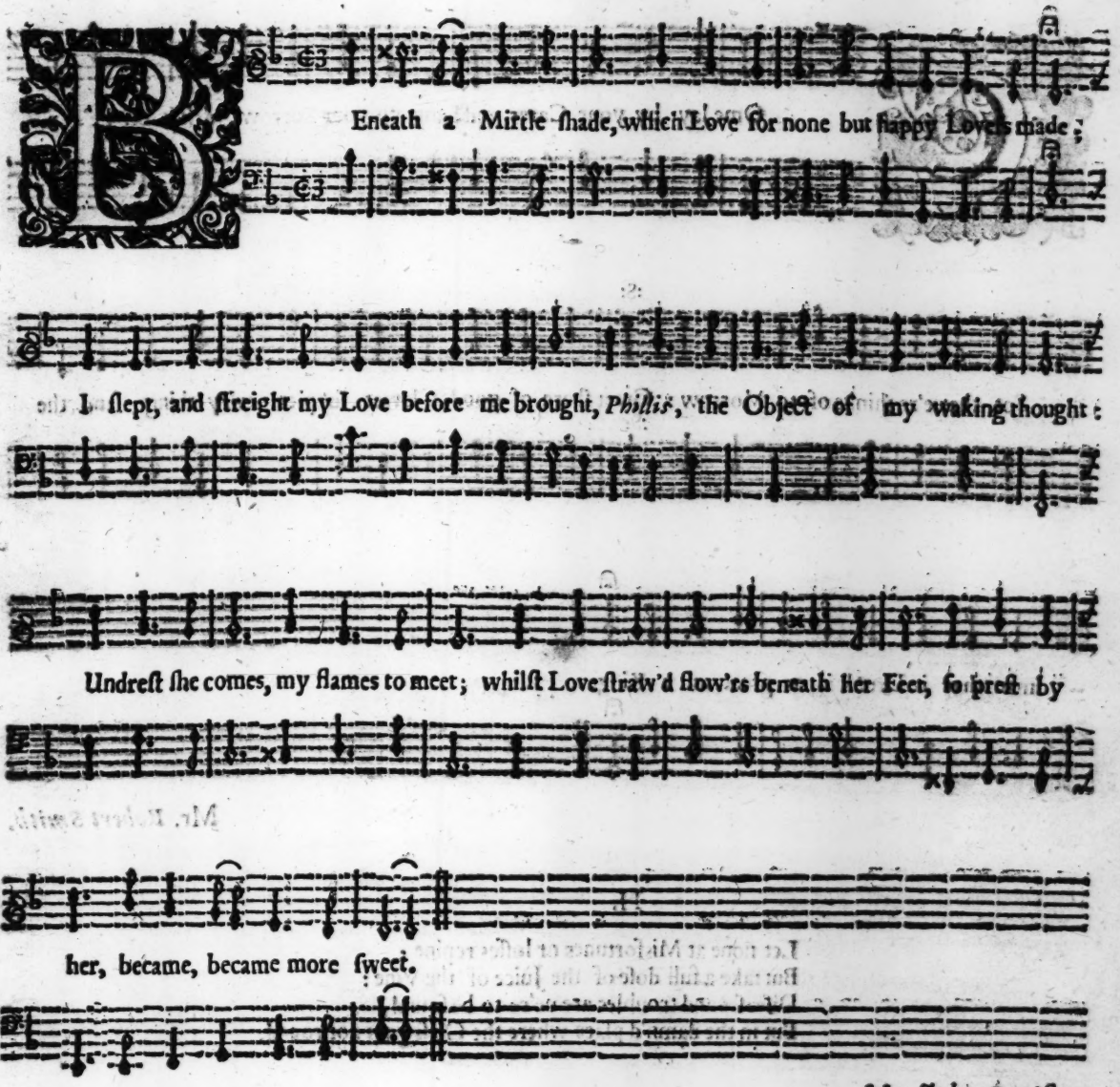
Mr. *Nicholas Staggins.*

II.

Such is the poor Fool, who loves upon duty;
Becauſe a Canonick a Coxcomb hath made him:
He ne're taſts the ſweets of Love and of Beauty;
But drudges, becauſe a dull Prieſt hath betray'd him.
But who in enjoyment from love take their meaſure,
Are wrapt with delights, and ſtill raviſh'd with pleaſure.



Mr. *Robert Smith.*



Mr. *John Baniſter.*

II.

From the bright Viſions head;
A careleſs vail of Lawn was looſly ſpread;
From her white Temples fell her ſhaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-ſhine, not too brown or fair:
Her Hands, her Lips, did Love inſpire,
Her ev'ry Grace my Heart did fire;
But moſt her Eyes, that languiſh'd with deſire.

III.

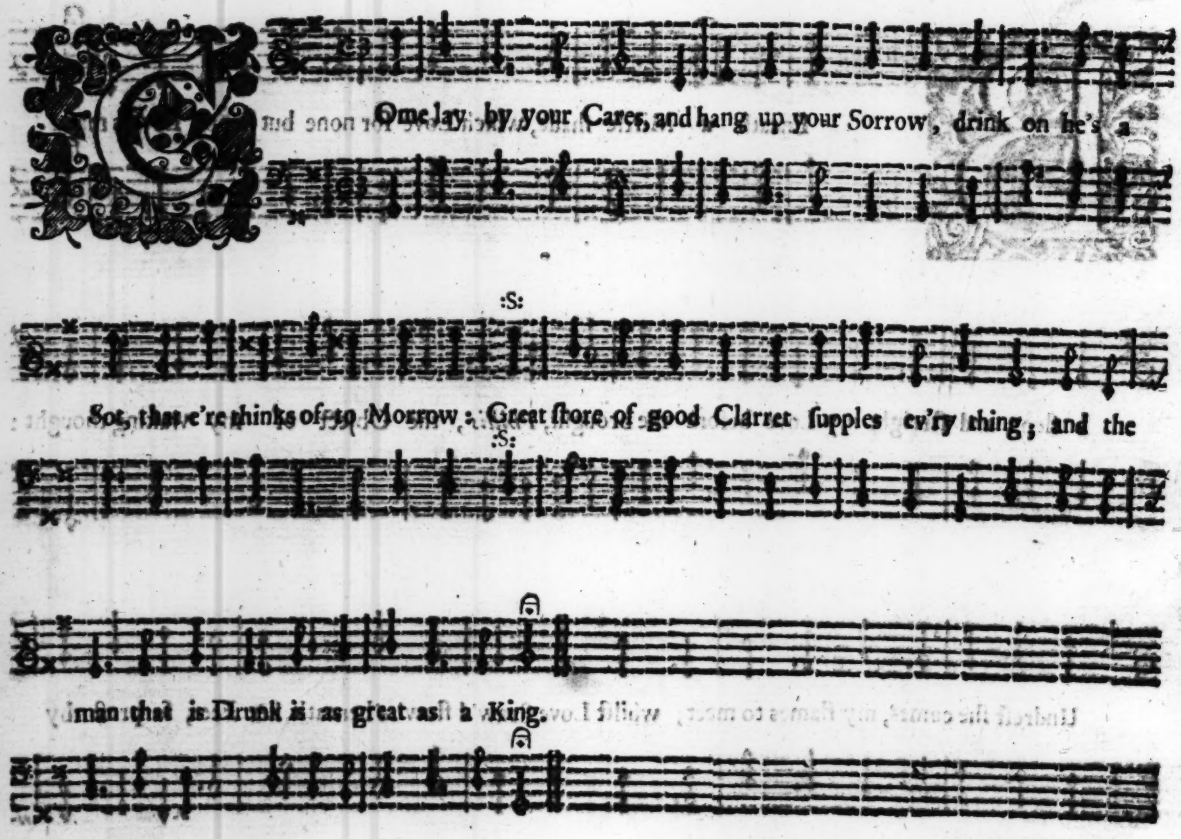
Ah, charming Fair, ſaid I,
How long can you my bliſs and yours deny:
By Nature and by Love this lovely ſhade
Was for revenge of ſuff'ring Lovers made.
Silence and ſhades with Love agree,
Both ſhelter you, and favour me;
You cannot bluſh, becauſe I cannot ſee.

IV.

No, let me dye, ſhe ſaid,
Rather than loſe the ſpotleſs name of Maid:
Faintly ſhe ſpoke, methought, for all the while
She bid me not believe her, with a ſmile.
Then dye, ſaid I, ſhe ſtill deny'd;
And is it thus? Thus, thus, ſhe cry'd,
You uſe a harmleſs maid, and ſo ſhe dy'd.

V.

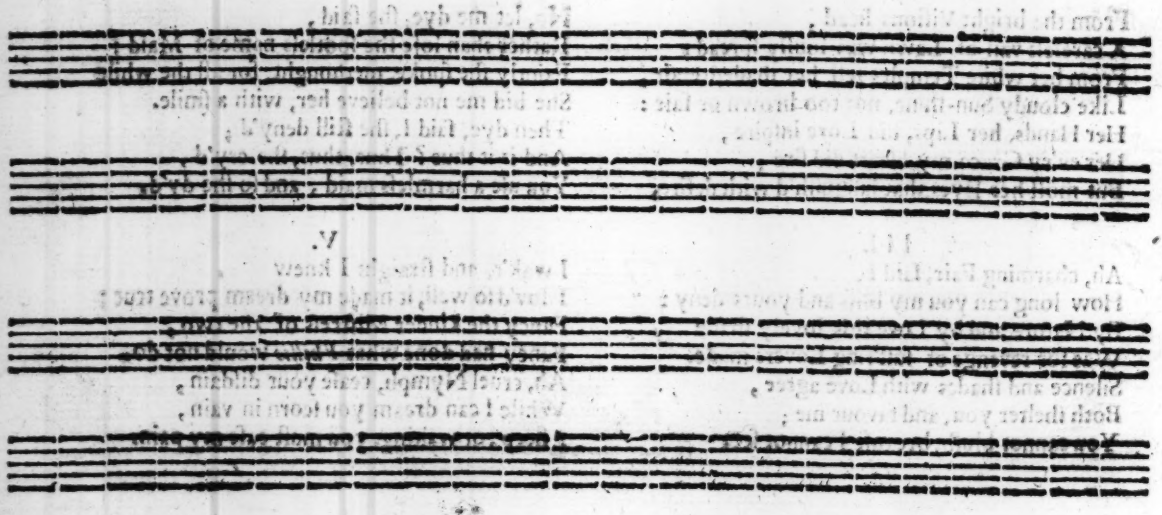
I wak'r, and ſtraight I knew
I lov'd ſo well, it made my dream prove true:
Fancy the kinder Miſtreſs of the two,
Fancy had done what *Phillis* would not do.
Ah, cruel Nymph, ceaſe your diſdain,
While I can dream you ſcorn in vain,
Aſleep, or waking, you muſt eaſe my pain.

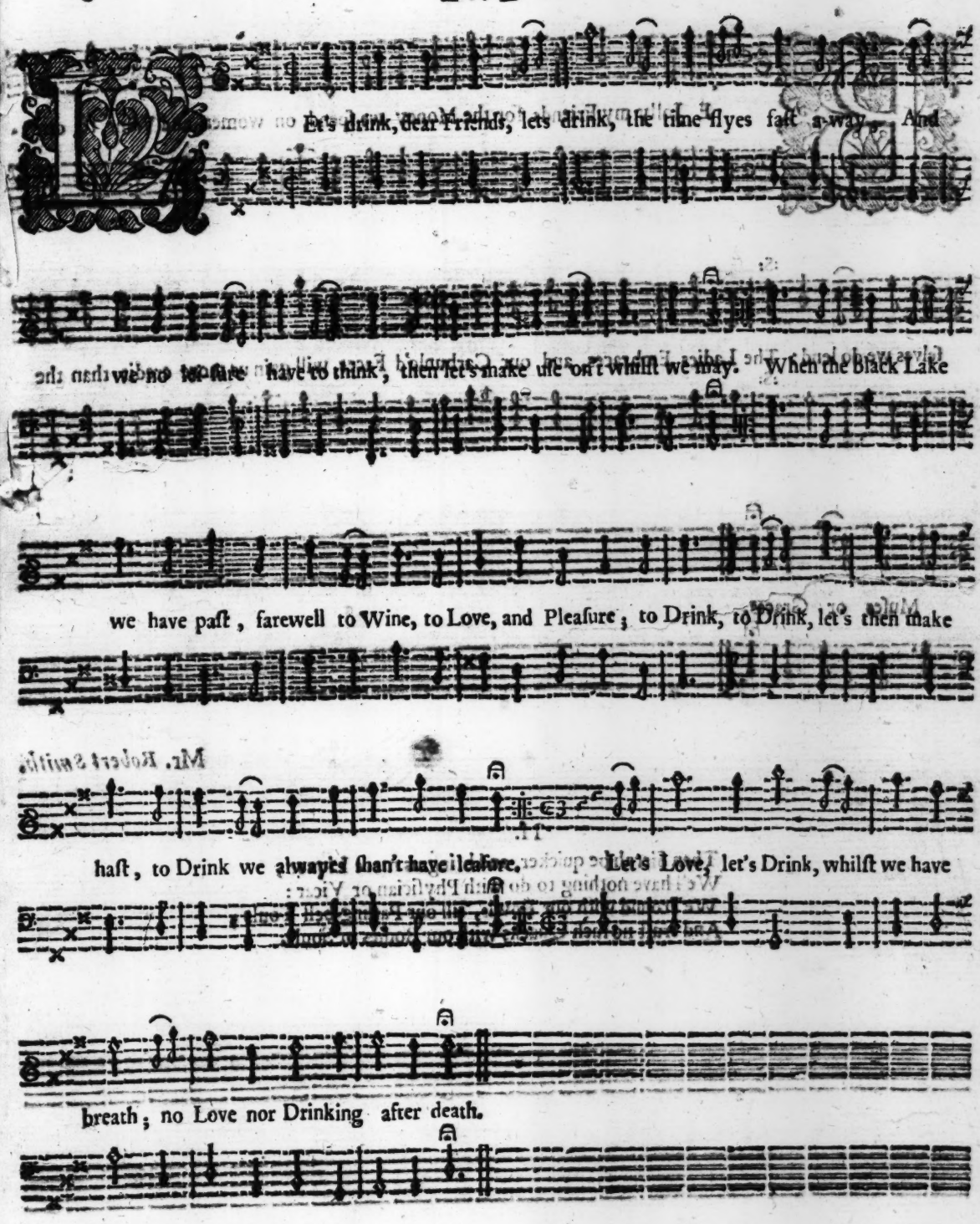


Mr. *Robert Smith.*

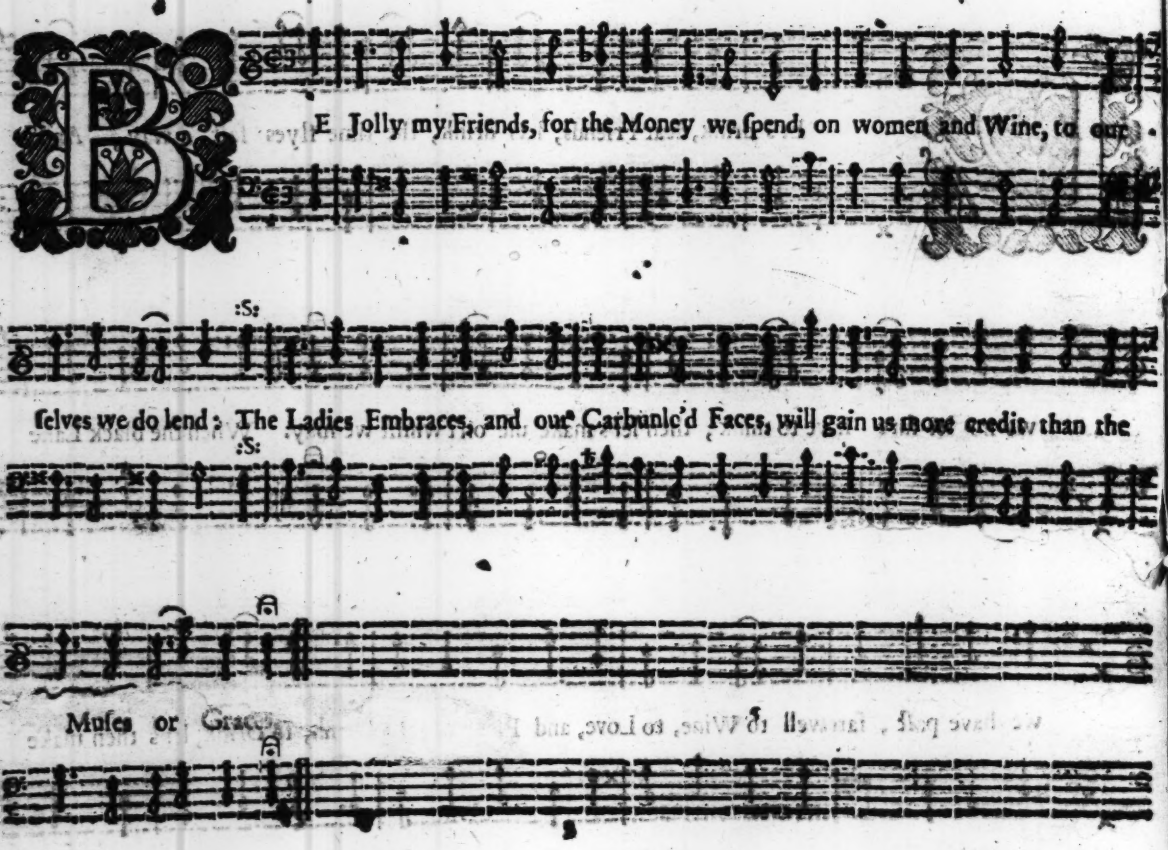
II.

Let none at Misfortunes or losses repine;
But take a full dose of the Juice of the Vine:
Diseases and troubles are ne're to be found,
But in the damn'd place where the Glass goes not round.





Mr. *Tho. Farmer.*

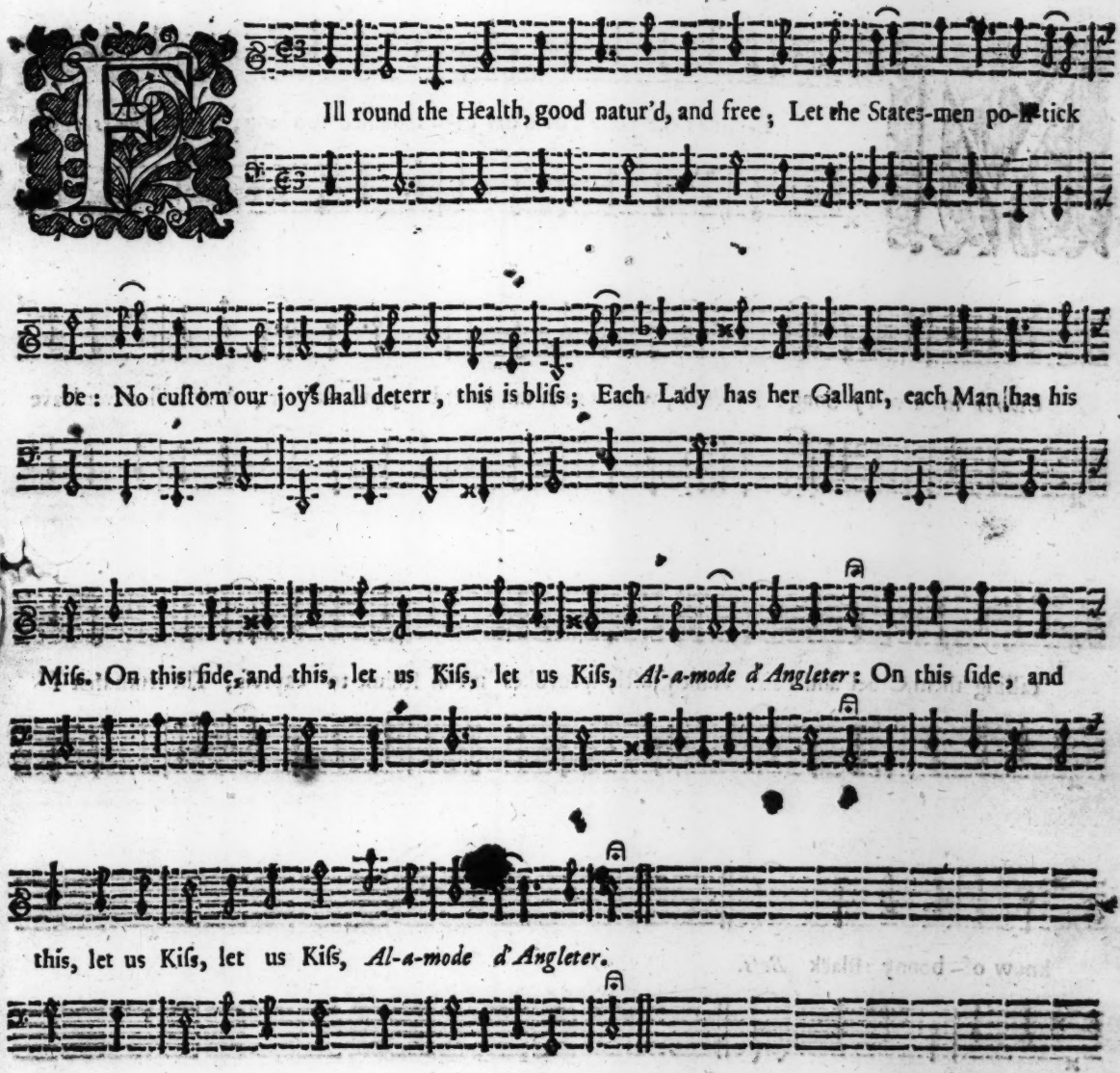


BE Jolly my Friends, for the Money we ſpend, on women and Wine, to our
ſelves we do lend; The Ladies Embraces, and our Carbunle'd Faces, will gain us more credit than the
Muſes or Grace.

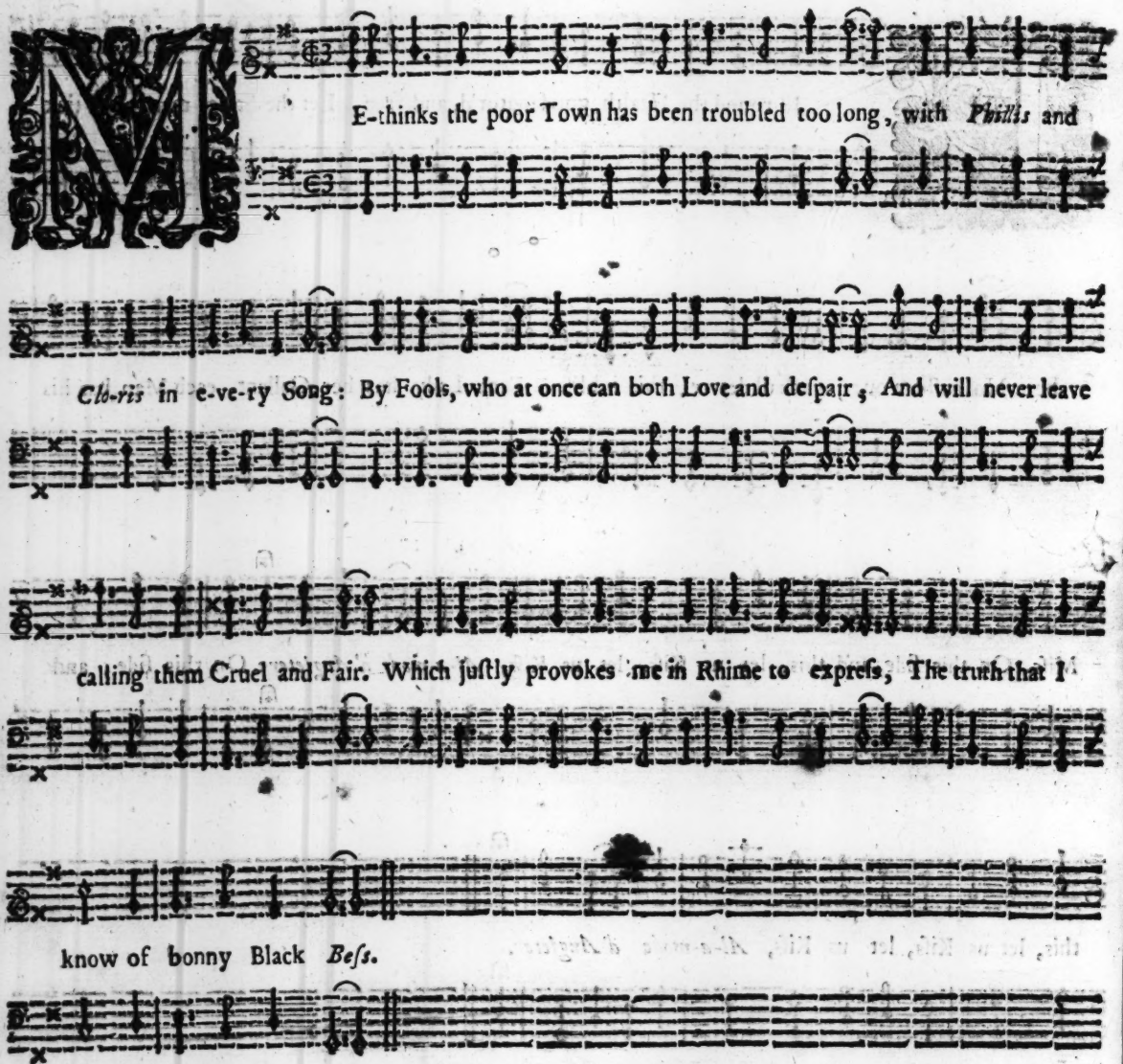
Mr. *Robert Smith*.

II.

Then Sirrah be quicker, and bring us more Liquor,
We'l have nothing to do with Phyſician or Vicar:
We'l round with our Bowls, 'till our Paſſing-bell Touls,
And truſt no ſuch Quacks with our Bodies or Souls.



Mr. *Robert Smith.*



II.

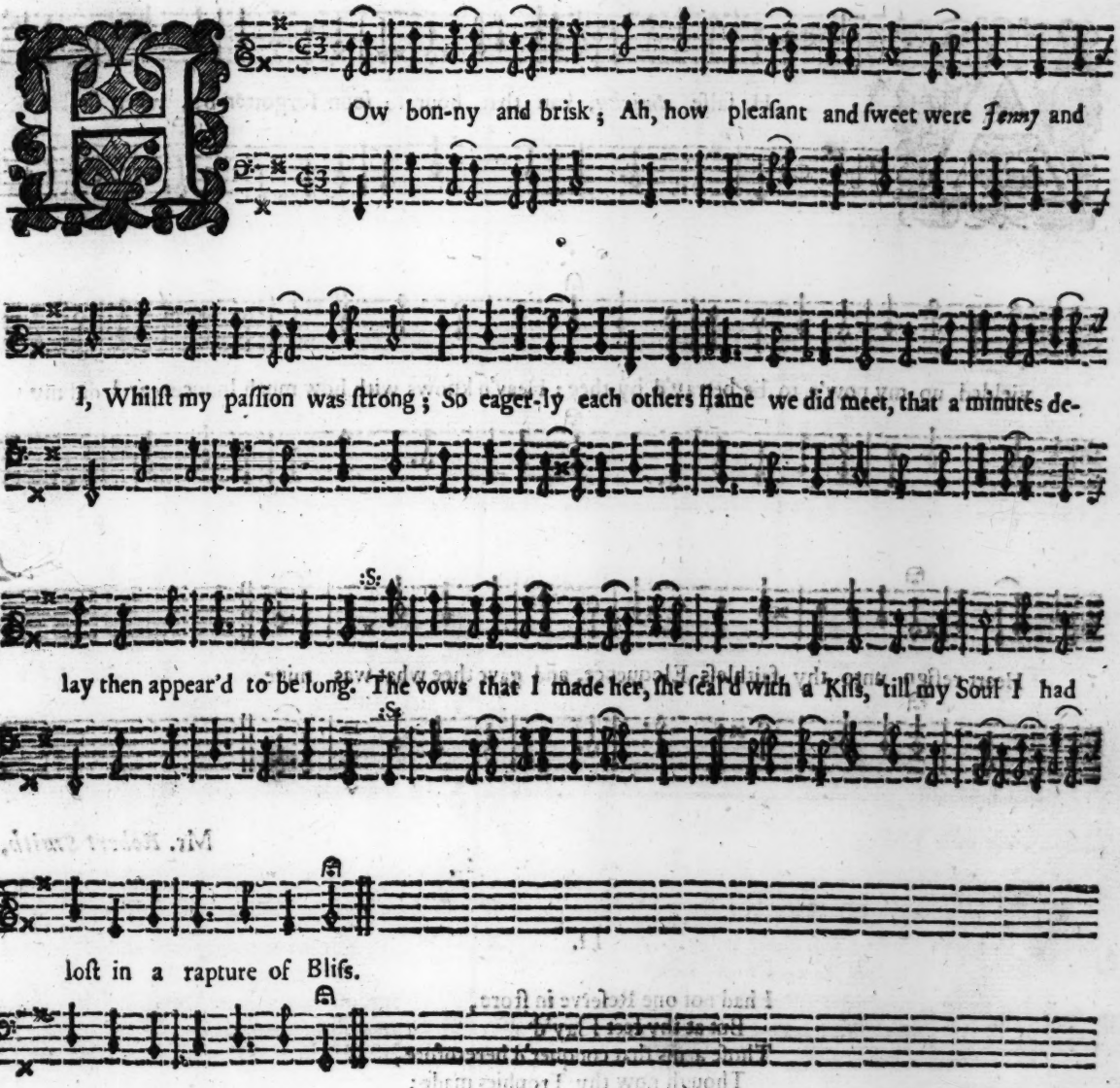
This *Beſs* of my Heart, this *Beſs* of my Soul,
Has a Skin white as milk, but Hair black as coal;
She's plump, yet with eaſe you may ſpan round her Waſt,
But her round ſwelling Thighs can ſcarce be embrac'd:
Her Belly is ſoft, not a word of the reſt;
But I know what I mean, when I drink to the beſt.

III.

But to thoſe who have had my dear *Beſs* in their Arms,
She's gentle, and knows how to ſoften her Charms;
And to every Beauty can add a new grace,
Having learn'd how to liſpe, and trip in her pace:
And with Head on one ſide, and a languiſhing Eye,
To Kill us with looking as if ſhe would dye.

IV.

The Plowman and Squire, the Erranter Clown,
At home ſhe ſubdu'd in her Paragon gown;
But now ſhe adorns the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudeſt Town Gallants are forc'd to ſubmit:
All Hearts fall a leaping where-ever ſhe comes,
And beat day and night, like my Lord ——'s Drums.



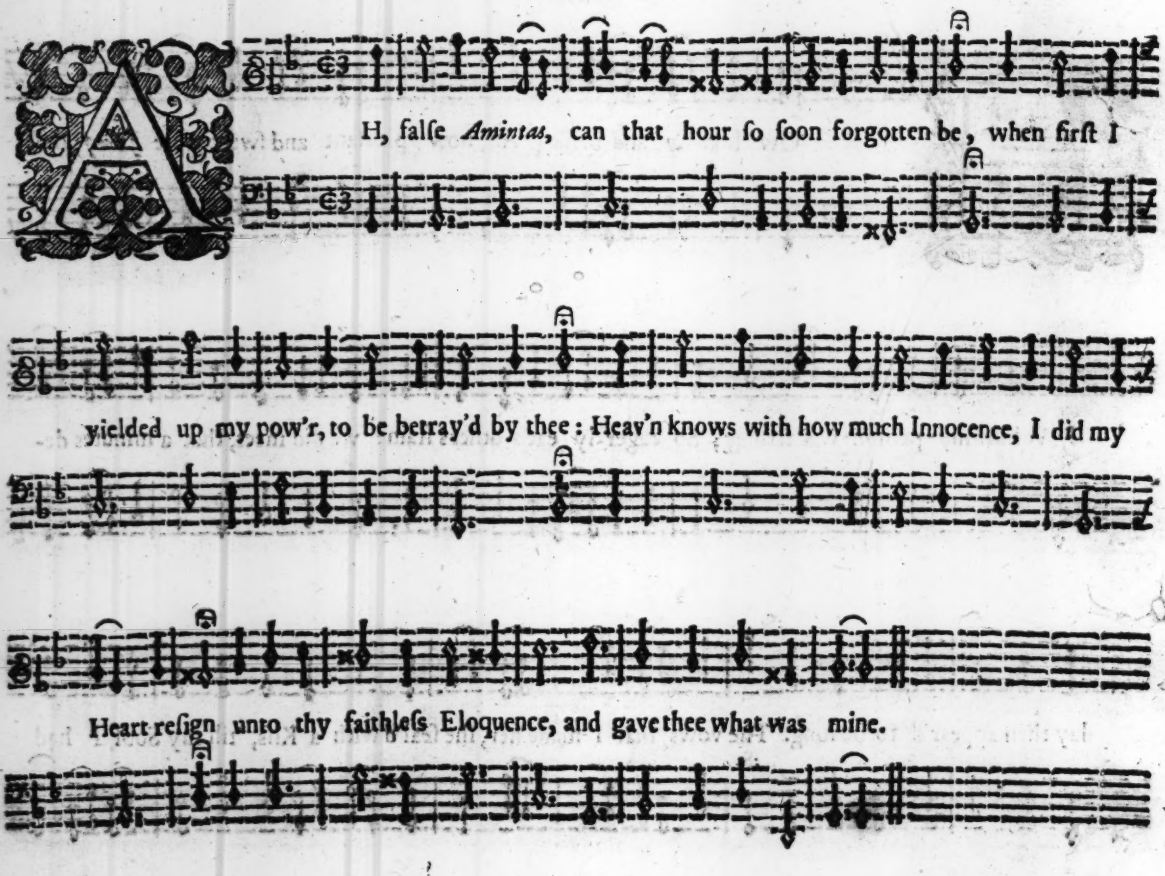
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

I Vow'd, and I thought I could ever have Lov'd,
Where Beauty and Kindneſs together I found;
So ſweetly ſhe look't, and ſo ſweetly ſhe mov'd,
That I fancy'd my ſtrength with my joyes to abound:
For the pleaſure I gave, ſhe did doubly requite,
By finding out ever new waies to delight.

III.

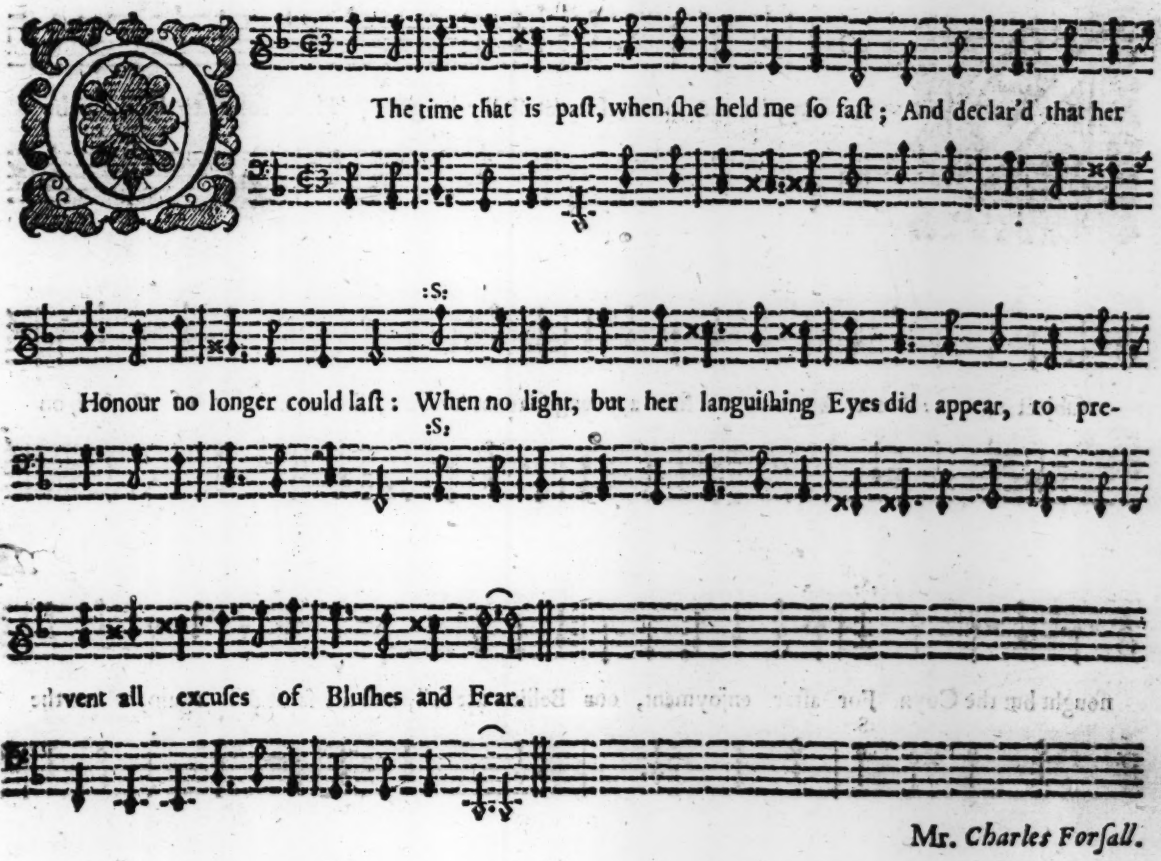
At laſt, when enjoyment had put out my Fire,
My Strength was decay'd, and my Paſſion was done;
So pall'd was my Fancy, ſo tame my Deſire,
That I from the Nymph, very fain would have gone;
Ah! *Jenny* ſaid I, we adore thee in vain;
For Beauty enjoy'd does but burn to diſdain.



Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

I had not one Reſerve in ſtore,
But at thy feet I lay'd
Thoſe arms that conquer'd heretofore,
Though now thy Trophies made:
Thy Eyes in ſilence told their Tale
Of Love in ſuch a way,
That 'twas as eaſie to prevail,
As after to betray.



Mr. *Charles Forſall.*

II.

When ſhe ſigh'd and unlac'd,
With ſuch trembling and haſt,
As if ſhe had long'd to be cloſer imbrac'd:
My Lips the ſweet pleaſure of Kiſſes enjoy'd,
While my mind was in ſearch of hid treaſure imploy'd.

III.

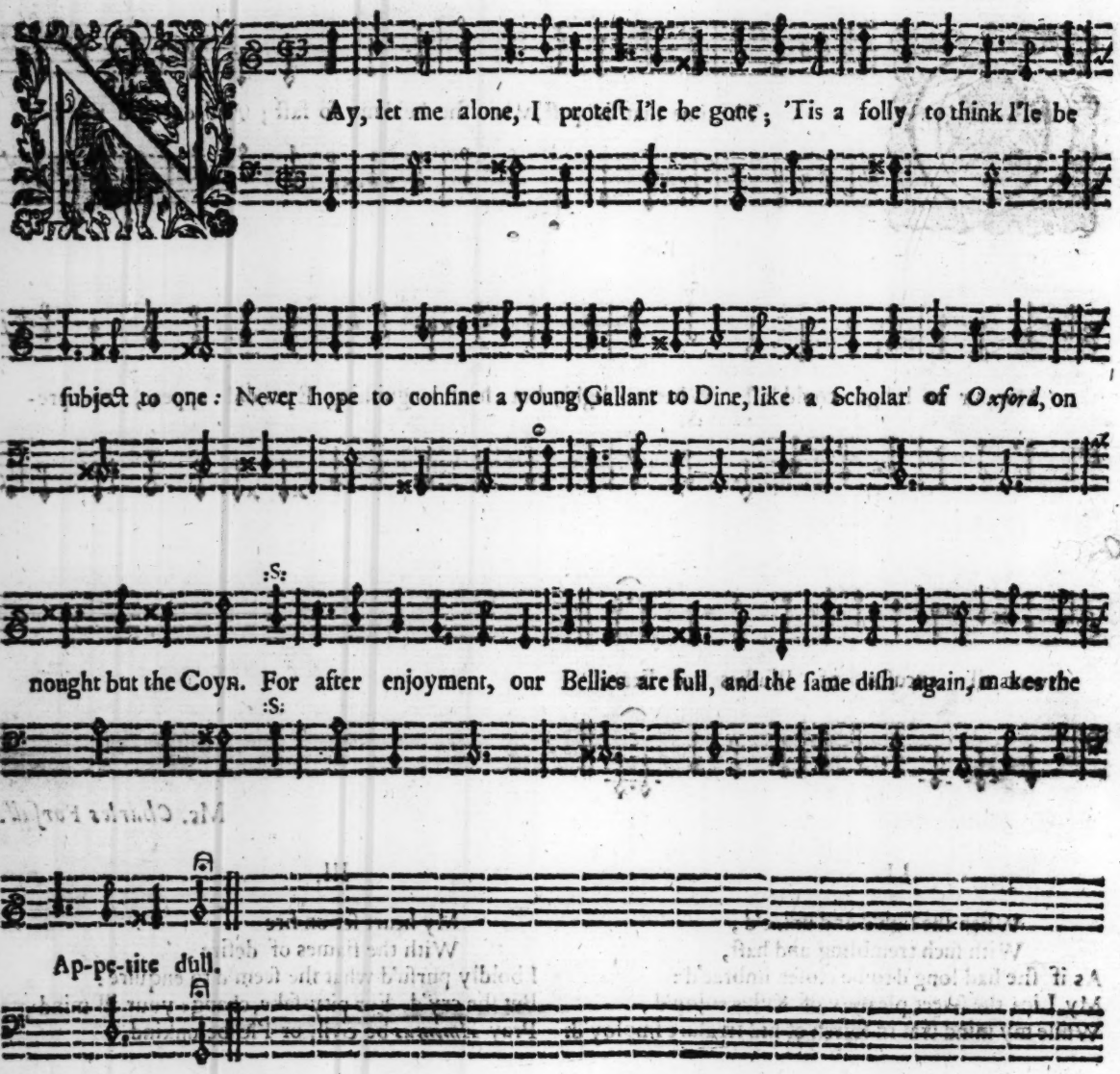
My heart ſet on fire
With the flames of deſire,
I boldly purſu'd what ſhe ſeem'd to enquire:
But ſhe cry'd, For pity-ſake, change your ill mind,
Pray *Amintas* be civil, or I'le be unkind.

IV.

Dear *Amintas*, ſhe cryes,
Then caſts down her Eyes,
And in Kiſſes ſhe gives, what in words ſhe denyes:
Too ſure of my Conqueſt, I purpoſe to ſtay,
Till her freer conſent had more ſweetned the prey.

V.

But too late I begun,
For her paſſion was done;
Now *Amintas*, ſhe cryes, I will never be won:
Your Tears, and your courtſhip no pity can move,
For you've ſlighted the critical minute of Love.



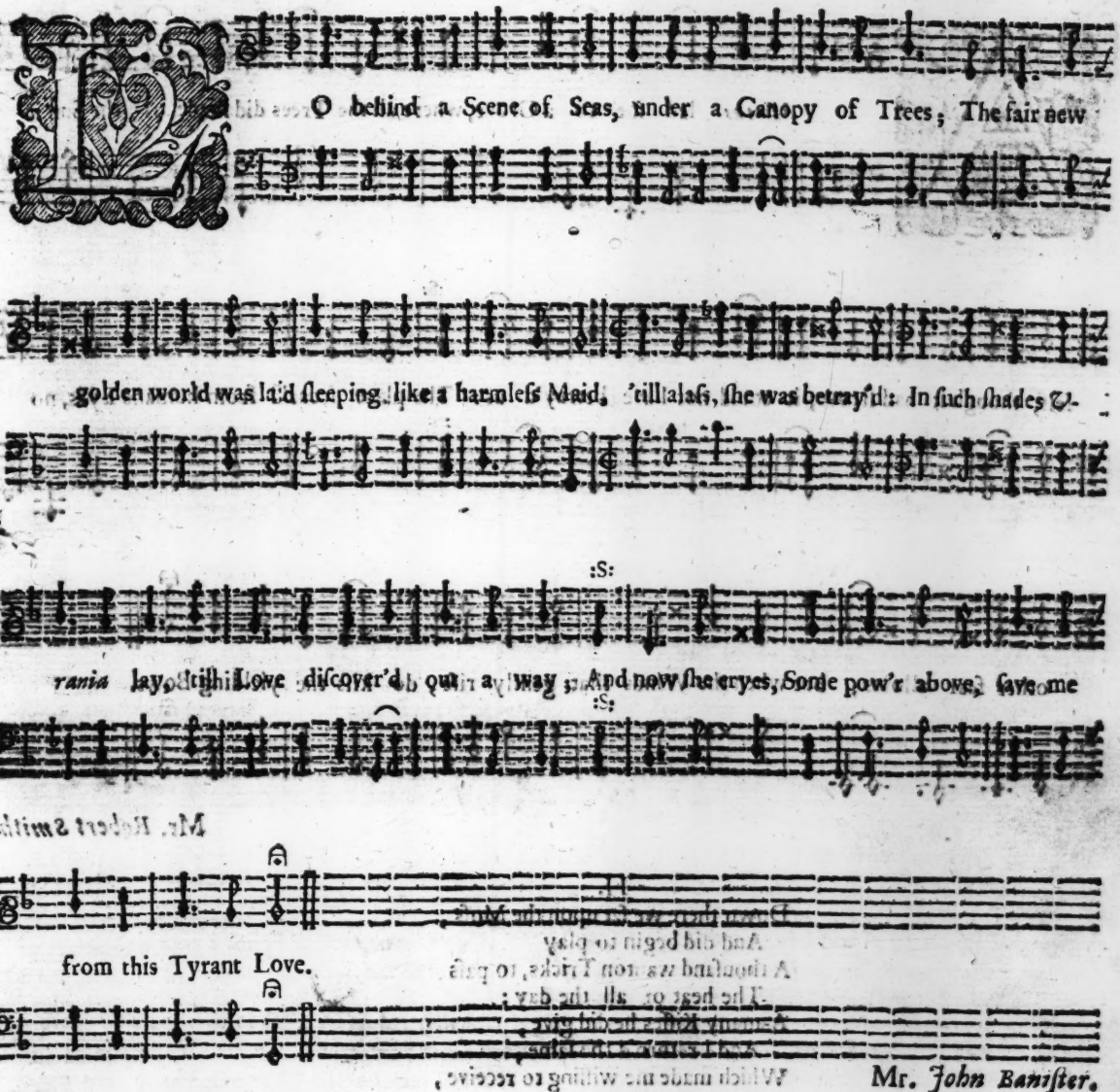
Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

II.

By your wantoning Art; of a Sigh and a Start,
You endeavour in vain, to inveagle my Heart;
For the pretty diſguiſe of your languiſhing Eyes,
Will never prevail with my Sinews to riſe:
And 'twas never the Mode, in an Amorous Treat,
When a Lover has Din'd, to perſwade him to Eat.

III.

Then *Betty*, the Jeſt is almoſt at the beſt,
'Tis only variety makes up the Feaſt:
For when we've enjoy'd, and with pleaſures are cloy'd,
The Vows that we made, to Love ever, are voyd.
And you know, pretty Nymph, it was ever unfit
That a Meal ſhould be made of a Reliſhing bit.



Mr. *John Banister.*

II.

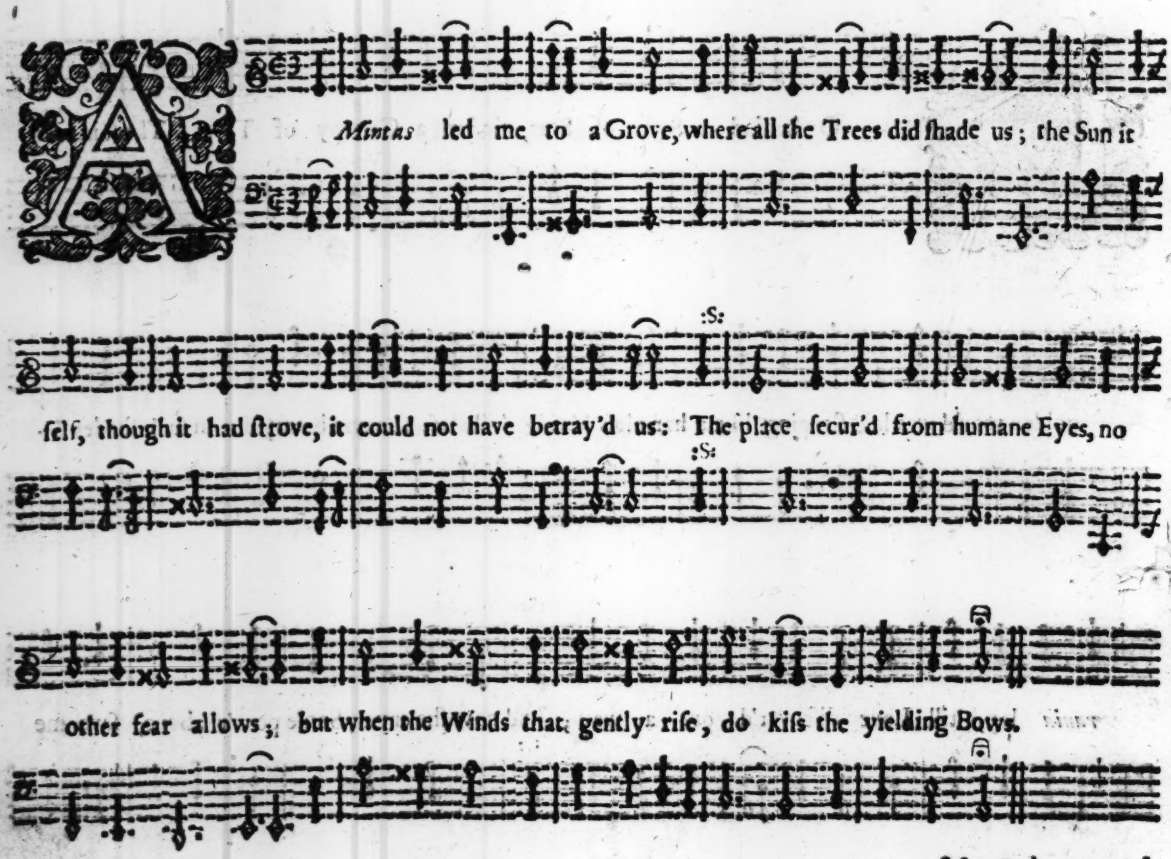
Her poor Heart had no defence,
But its Maiden innocence;
In each sweet retyring eye,
You might easily discry
Troops of yielding beauties fly,
Leaving rare unguarded treasure
To the Conquerors will and pleasure.
And now she cryes, *&c.*

III.

Now and then, a straggling frown,
(Through the shade slips up and down)
Shooting such a piercing dart,
As would make the Tyrant smart,
And preserve her Lips and Heart:
But alass, her Empires gone,
Throne, and Temples, all undone.
And now she cryes, *&c.*

IV.

Charm aloft, those stormy winds,
That may keep these Golden Mines,
And let *Spaniards* Love be tore
On some cruel Rocky shore,
Where he'll put forth to Sea no more:
Least poor conquered Beauty cry,
Oh, I'm wounded! Oh, I dye!
And then, there is no pow'r above
Can save me from this Tyrant Love.



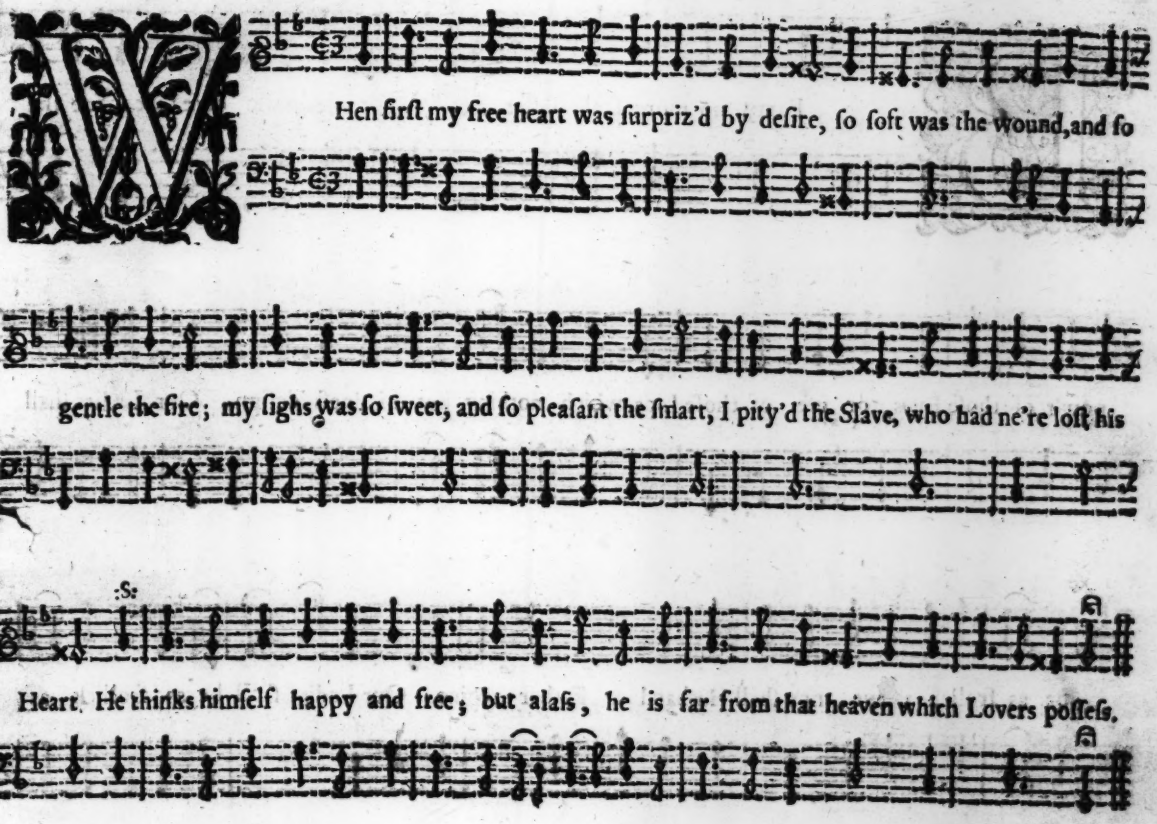
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

Down there we ſat upon the Moſs,
And did begin to play
A thouſand wanton Tricks, to paſs
The heat of all the day;
A-many Kiſſes he did give,
And I return'd the ſame,
Which made me willing to receive,
That which I dare not name.

III.

His charming Eyes no ayd requir'd
To tell his amorous Tale,
On her that was already fir'd,
'Twas eaſie to prevail:
He did but Kiſs, and claſp me round,
Whilſt thoſe his thoughts expreſt;
And laid me ſoftly on the ground:
Oh, who can gueſs the reſt.



Mr. *Alph. Marsh*, Junior.

II.

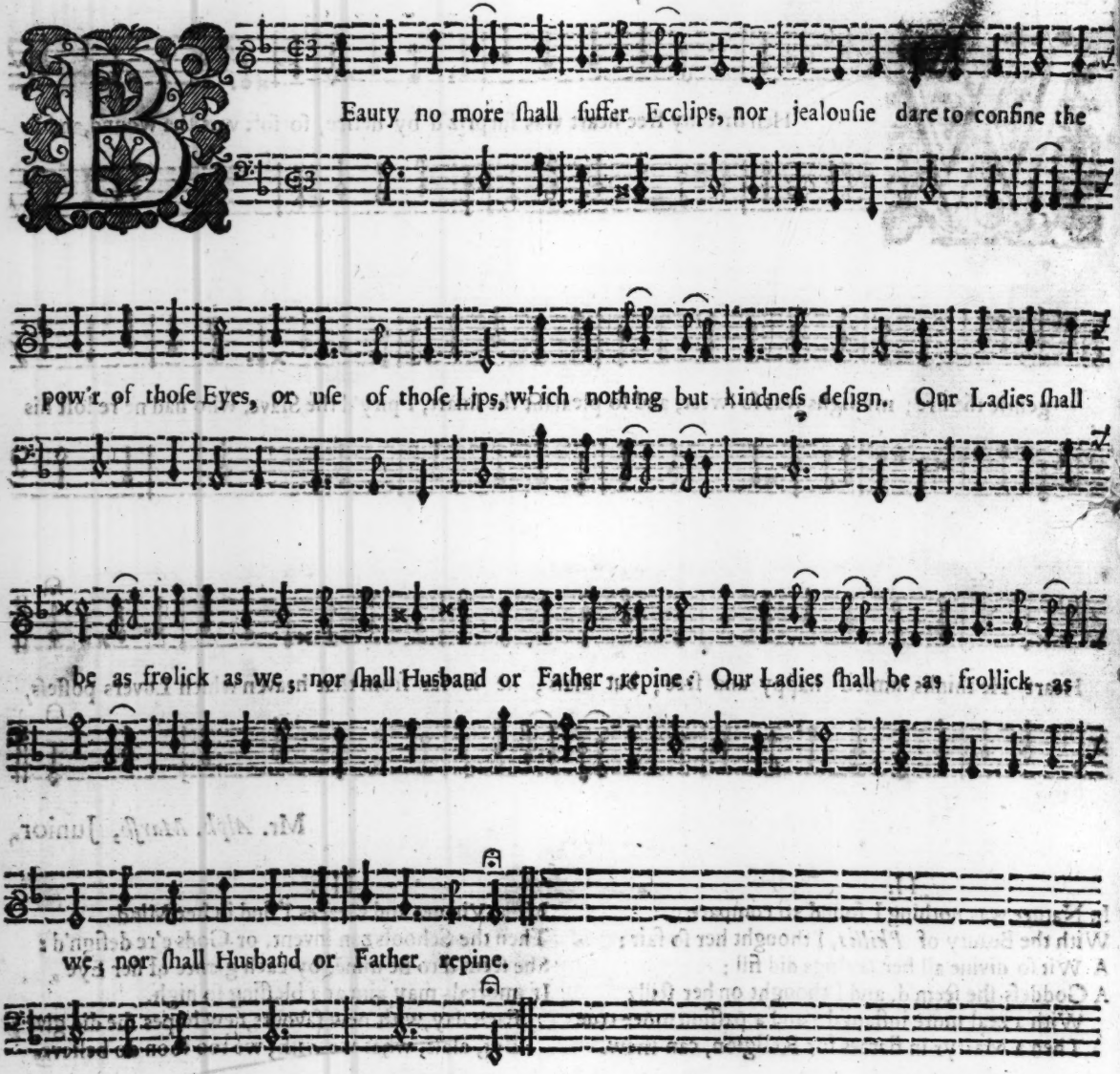
In Nature was nothing I found to compare
With the Beauty of *Phillis*, I thought her so fair:
A Wit so divine all her sayings did fill;
A Goddess she seem'd, and I thought on her still:
With a zeal more inflam'd, and a passion more true
Then a Martyr in flames for Religion, can shew.

III.

More Virtues and Graces I find in her Mind,
Then the Schools can invent, or Gods e're design'd:
She seem'd to be mine, by each glance of her Eye,
If mortals may aim at a blessing so high.
Each day, with new favours, new hopes she did give;
But, alas, what we wish, we too soon do believe.

II.

With awfull respect while I lov'd and admir'd,
But fear'd to attempt what I so much desire,
In a moment the life of my hopes was destroy'd,
For a Shepherd, more daring, fell on and enjoy'd.
But, in spite of my fate, and the pains I endure,
I will try her again in a second Amour.



Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

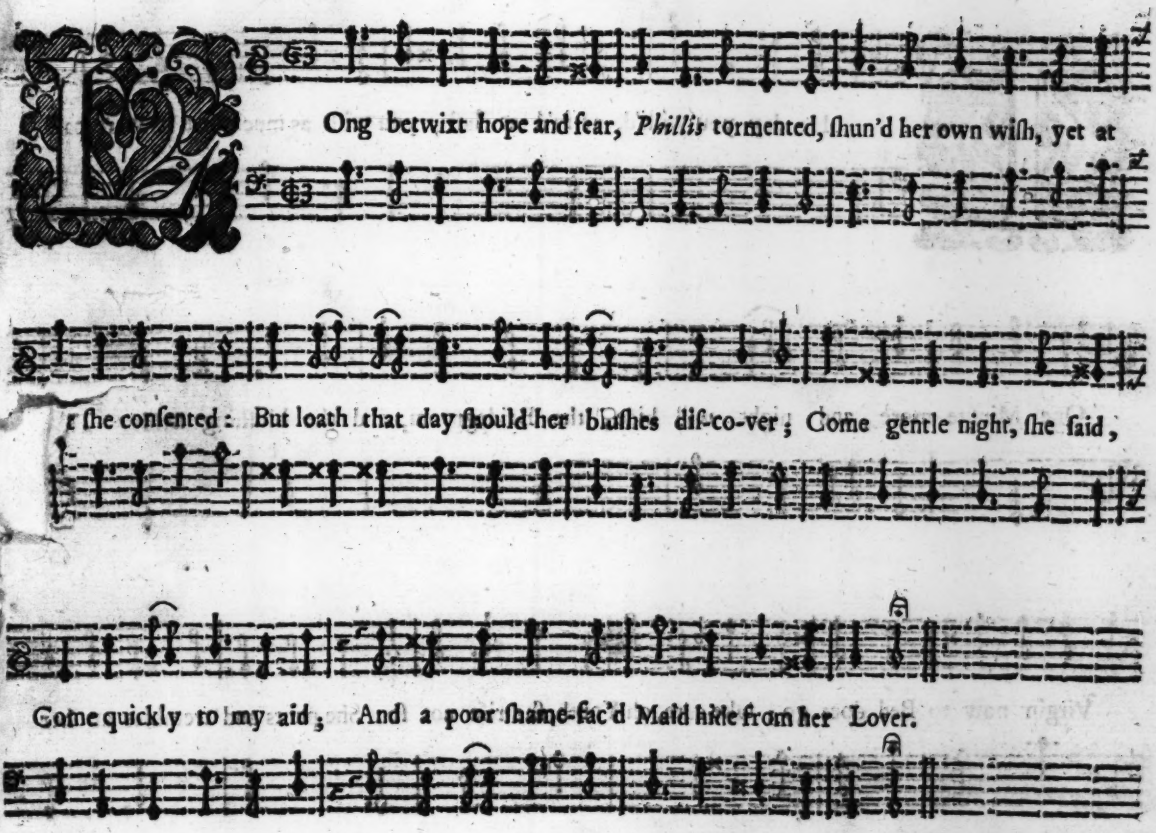
We'll baniſh the ſtratagems us'd by the States,
To keep the poor Lover in awe;
Henceforth they themſelves ſhall rule their own fate,
And deſire ſhall be to them Law:
Thus they being free from Padlock and Key,
May with their Reformers withdraw.

III.

Where in private we'll teach them the Myſteries of love
And practice that Lecture over;
'Till we the fond ſcruple of honour remove,
And the end of our paſſion diſcover.
No Maid ſhall complain, or Wife ſigh in vain;
For each may be eas'd by her Lover.

IV.

Away with all things that ſound like to Laws,
In this our New Reformation;
Let the Formaliſt prate the Good old Cauſe,
'Tis a general Tolleration:
From this time we're free from Vile Hereſie,
And a vizard Excommunication.



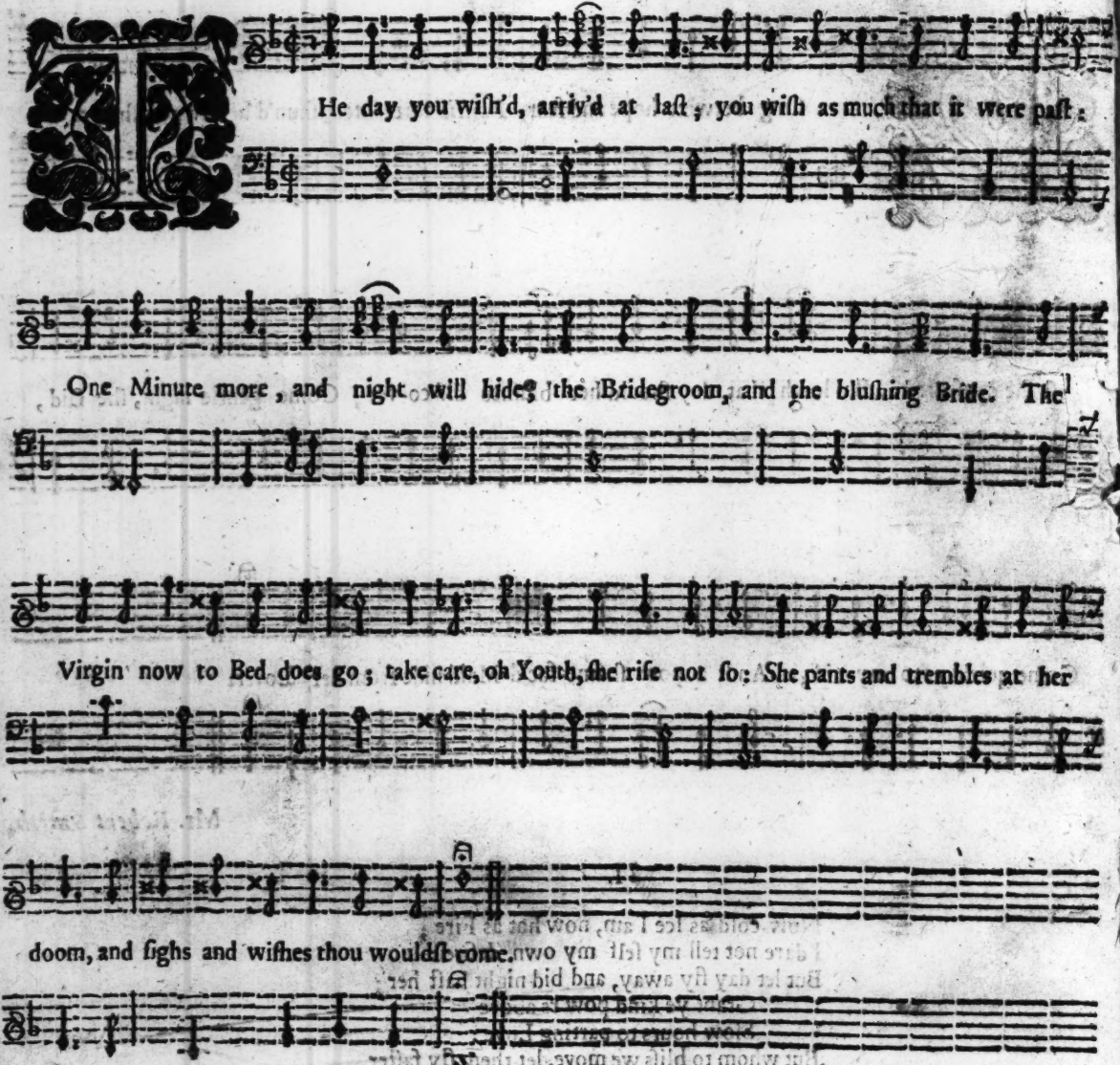
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

Now cold as Ice I am, now hot as Fire;
I dare not tell my ſelf my own deſire:
But let day fly away, and bid night haſt her;
Grant ye kind pow'rs above
Slow hours to parting Love:
But whom to bliſs we move, let them fly faſter.

III.

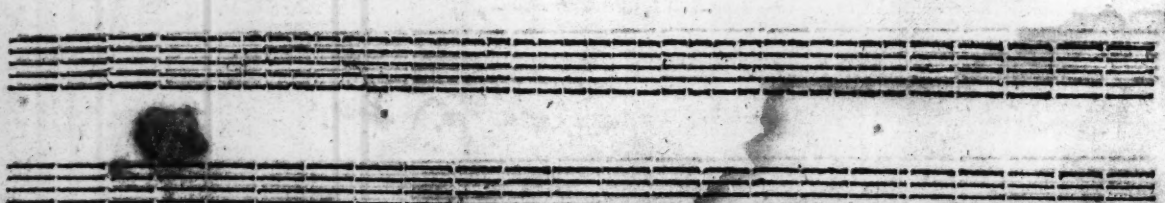
How ſweet it is to Love, when I diſcover
Thoſe Flames that burn my Soul, warming my Lover:
'Tis pity Love ſo true, ſhould be miſtaken;
If that this night he be
Falſe, or unkind to me:
Let me dye, e're I ſee, That I'm forſaken.



Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

The Bridegroom comes, he comes apace,
With Love and Fury in his Face;
She ſhrinks away, he cloſe purſues,
And Prayers and Threats at once does uſe:
She ſoftly ſighing, begs delay;
And with her hand puts his away;
Now out aloud for help ſhe cryes,
And now deſpairing ſhuts her Eyes.



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